

CONTINENTAL EDITION

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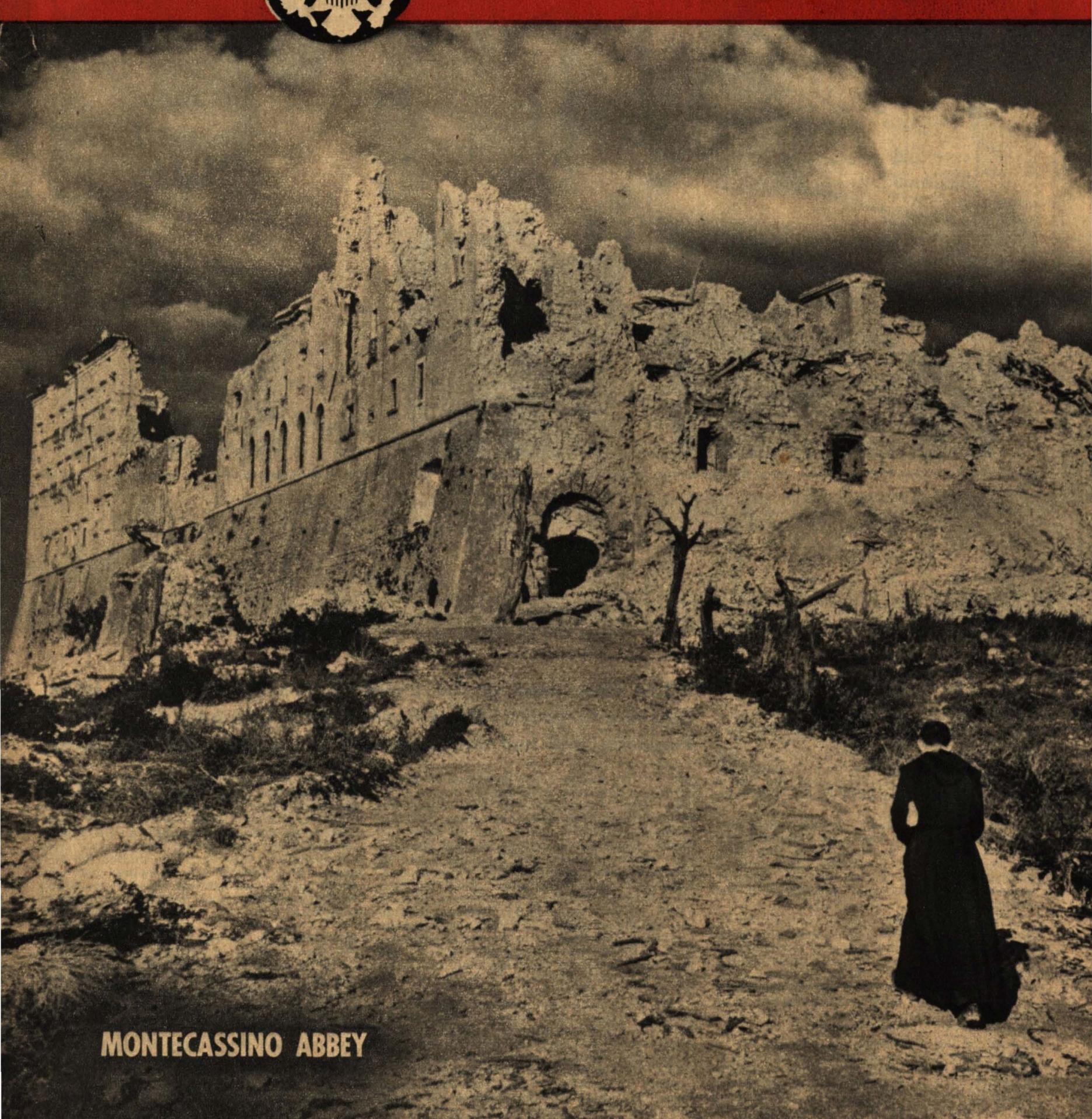


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By the men...for the
men in the service



MONTECASSINO ABBEY

What You Can Expect of Air Travel After the War

PAGES 8, 9 & 10



While the Americans were stationed there, Russian women served as KPs and cleaned their barracks. Here is one dressed in GI fatigues, ladling out coffee.

HITCH IN THE SOVIET

By Sgt. JOE LOCKARD

AN EIGHTH AIR FORCE BASE, BRITAIN—"Nobody thinks more of the American jeep than the Russians. Once I gave some Red Army guys a jeep ride and they liked it so much they took me to town and got me tight on vodka, toasting jeeps and Studebaker 6x6es and every other kind of U.S. vehicle you can think of."

The Russians probably haven't gotten over their admiration for American equipment yet, but Pfc. Martin F. Koski of Jersey City, N.J., has recovered from the vodka. He is one of several Eighth Air Force GIs who recently returned to Britain after serving with the Eastern Command in the USSR.

Main job of the Americans was to build an airfield for Fifteenth and Eighth Air Force shuttle bombers. This job was accomplished at a strip that had once been a German airfield but was later mined and demolished by the enemy. The Red Army had cleared the mines and regraded the fields, so that construction of taxi strips and two runways was able to start soon after the Americans arrived.

Most of the work was done by Red Army soldier girls, working alongside the Americans and a few Red Army men from sunup to sundown—a long day because sunup in the Ukraine then was at 0430. The GIs praised the girls, who pulled down an equal share of the work, responsibility and pay. In the Red Army, women perform every kind of task—truck drivers, snipers, pilots, artillerymen, engineers, mechanics, ack-ack gunners, even

While these men of the Eighth Air Force were in the USSR, they drank vodka, dated Russian girls, learned a little of the language, and had one never-to-be-forgotten trip to Moscow.

MPs. (In the nearby town there was an 11 PM curfew, which they enforced.)

By June 1, the airfield was completed, ready for use both as an operational Red Air Force base and as a shuttle base for American planes. About 300 Americans and 900 Russians were stationed there, the Russians living in barracks about a mile from the field and messing by themselves, the Americans living in a brick barracks once used by a Russian cavalry outfit and later tenanted by Germans. Russian civilian women served as KPs in the American mess halls and cleaned the American barracks. One of the women was actually Polish; she had been decorated as a Hero of the Soviet Union for enticing German soldiers home with her and then killing them.

"We were made comfortable with good beds, good mattresses, two sheets, a pillow and pillowcase, and two Russian camel-hair blankets," said Cpl. Leroy G. Pipkin of San Antonio, Tex., another of the American crew chiefs selected for the Russian assignment.

About 15 percent of the Americans could speak Russian before they went to the USSR, and most of the others learned some of the language through daily contacts and in the evening classes conducted by S-2. There were Russian and American interpreters.

Each crew chief had three Russian helpers,

veterans of the front. According to Pipkin, the three Russians who worked with him—Ivan, 23, from Rostov; Igor, 18, from Rzhev, and Peter, 16, from Moscow—were plenty sharp. "After two days of instruction on the Forts," he said, "they were asking questions we crew chiefs couldn't answer. They studied the tech orders and insisted on knowing just why every nut and washer was there. If we didn't work them hard enough or long enough, they'd complain."

THE Russian officers had something of the same attitude, according to M/Sgt. Guy C. Robinson of Medford, Mass. If some of the men were goldbricking or taking a break when a Russian officer passed by, he would reduce the detail next time to the number of men he'd seen actually at work.

"Russian officers and GIs work hard together but they don't mix socially off the job," said Pipkin. "Everybody salutes everybody else, and then quickly shakes hands. Privates salute corporals, and so on right up the line."

"There is real comradeship on the job," M/Sgt. E. H. Rapier of Harlan, Ky., added, "but you can see the officer is the boss. Since every officer starts out as a private, though, they aren't rank happy. The pay differences aren't as great as in our scale."



Looking at a map showing the vastness of the Soviet Union, Cpl. Leroy G. Pipkin and M Sgt. Guy C. Robinson discuss the places they visited while they were stationed there.



Above, the first Yanks to be stationed in the USSR detrain and march toward the former German airfield they helped build into a bomber strip with the aid of many Russians, including husky civilian women like those shown below.



At the American mess hall, GI food—C rations, powdered eggs, canned chicken and canned Vienna sausage—was supplemented by fresh vegetables, black bread, eggs, borsht and other soups provided by the Russians. In the Russian mess hall the fare was mostly soups and black bread; "their best food goes to the front," according to Pipkin.

A Russian club, built by the government for our GIs and open from 1800 to 2300, sold champagne, cognac, vodka and beer at rather steep prices—beer, for example, was 14 rubles a bottle or \$2.80—but "No one ever went thirsty," Koski said. "Food was somewhat cheaper. You could buy for 25 rubles (\$5) a dinner of two steaks, three eggs, caviar, vegetable salad, soup, fish, brown bread, butter, ice cream and a glass of vodka."

Pipkin visited the Russian EM canteen a couple of times but the favorite pastime of these Red Army men was too tough for him, he said—flinging around a 50-pound iron ball. "They don't go in much for gambling," T/Sgt. Joseph M. Sorenson of Ducor, Calif., added. "No poker, no dice, a little cards—there are only 32 cards in their deck."

There was an outdoor theater where Russian entertainers who traveled with the Red Army—like our USO shows—put on performances for the Americans. "They sent us vaudeville, choirs, operettas and orchestras," said Sgt. Albin J. Narlock of Milwaukee, Wis. "We had a dance after every show at first, but attendance fell off because there weren't enough girls."

The only sport the Americans played with the Russians was volleyball. "They were okay,"

said Koski. "In fact, they usually beat us."

"Each village has a movie theater where they show newsreels," said Pipkin, "both good and bad news. The Russians don't ignore defeats and you see pictures of Russian dead. Their feature pictures are simple and true."

"The people get their news at the Red Square in each village or city. Maps of the world, showing all the fronts, are posted and kept up to date. The radio goes right around the clock. Russians wait for orders-of-the-day the way we do for the final score of the World Series. They all have their favorite marshal and clap like hell if his army is honored. Each house has a loudspeaker hooked up to a central radio set, and some of the people listen there instead of going to the Red Square."

THE Americans kept in touch with the outside world by teletype. An intelligence bulletin was posted every day. In addition, *YANK* and *Stars & Stripes* were brought in, "but they were usually three weeks old," Koski said. "We had to burn American publications when we finished them, and without showing them to the Russians. But some Russians did get hold of *YANK* pin-up girls." The American publications were destroyed, the men said, because the government wanted to prevent any material that might help foster disunity from getting into the hands of the remnants of a pro-Nazi minority in the Ukraine, where the Americans were based. (German is the usual second language in the Ukraine, and some of the men spoke German to their Russian helpers. Polish, Armenian, Serbian, Yiddish and Ukrainian were also common, besides,

course, Russian itself.)

Koski, who spoke Polish, visited lots of Russian homes. Most of them were simple, four- or five-room buildings of mud and straw, with thatched roofs, erected by community "house raisings" to replace the houses destroyed by the Germans. Although two or three families sometimes had to share one dwelling because of the shortage, the houses were always neat and clean inside.

There was a lot of rebuilding and rehabilitation of devastated areas while the Americans were in the USSR, and the population of the nearby towns swelled constantly as the citizens returned. The Russian civilians worked hard on the land and in the factory, the Yanks said. They think Russia has a great industrial future.

"But Russians still make men do the work," said Pipkin, "while we make the machine do it. But they're learning fast. I visited a tank factory and an aircraft plant where most of the workers were women and girls. Their machine tools aren't up to our standards but they work hard and get fine results."

"The soil is black as far down as you can dig, and the land is divided into small farms, all part of big collective farms. But they are poorly equipped. There were machines in the areas the Germans didn't reach, but they took everything with them in the other areas and all the Russians had were crude horse-drawn wooden plows and things like that."

The Russians were very friendly. "Every where we went," said Koski, "we were always offered food and vodka, often a whole dinner. The girls brought an apple or something else



for us to eat when we had dates.

"When we went to their homes, we'd sit around in the combination kitchen, dining and living room, and they'd tell us about their country and the war. There would always be tea and vodka. They pour vodka in you like water and get really insulted if you don't down it at a gulp."

"We'd give them American cigarettes in return. They loved them; Russian cigarettes are terrible. The Russians pour out a bit of very lousy-grade tobacco, roll it into a piece of old newspaper and light up."

Koski noticed framed portraits of President Roosevelt hanging in several homes, and of course pictures of Stalin and Lenin were everywhere.

A Roman Catholic, Koski often went to Russian churches. "They have Ukrainian priests and mass," he said. "I saw plenty of Russian soldiers there. Church bells rang for mass every morning and there were regular evening services too. A few Russians attended the services conducted by our Army chaplain."

The Americans don't expect to keep in touch with their Russian friends, because, said Sorenson, "The Soviet government won't let letters be sent into the country. Girls can write out to us but we can't answer and you know how long that lasts."

"We couldn't visit relatives, either. We were told to apply through channels for time off and permission to travel if we had any relatives we wanted to visit. One GI did and a little later his papers were taken up and he was shipped out of the country. Apparently the Soviet government didn't want such contacts for their people." A few of the Russians they met had been in the States but nobody inquired "about my cousin in Milwaukee."

Rapier and Pipkin were lucky enough to get to Moscow, visiting the city as guests of the American Embassy and taking a couple of days

to explore the capital.

"The first morning," said Rapier, "I had breakfast in the Hotel Metropole dining room and noticed what looked like a couple of Japs at the next table. I called over the waitress and she told me I'd hit the nail on the head. They were members of the staff of the Japanese Embassy. I stared right at them but they avoided my eyes. I kept it up until they raised their newspapers in front of their faces."

"Later I visited an exhibition of captured German war equipment, just across the river from downtown Moscow. They've got everything from German pfc. stripes to Royal Tiger tanks. I spent several hours there and then went to the Red Square to look at some of the public buildings. I chased through several department stores, hunting for picture postcards, but didn't find any, and after that I had to go back to my base."

PIPKIN had a livelier time. "We arrived by plane at 1400," he said, "and were met at the field by some American officers. I drew a major with a Cadillac. He took us to the Metropole. At 1600 we went on a sightseeing tour that included the War College and the School of Medicine, the Kremlin (where the main government offices are located) and Stalin's country estate. We went back to the hotel for dinner and then we had a choice of the Russian circus or the opera. I chose the opera. We were late, but the Russians had delayed the performance for 35 minutes until we got there and took our box seats.

"Next morning we went on our own to the place where the Germans were stopped in their drive on Moscow. It's plenty close. The Moscow subway system is super, much more modern than those of New York and London. There are escalators and all the attendants wear neat uniforms. The stations are beautiful and the trains are noiseless. The Russians also

have double-decked trackless trolleys and the regular streamlined trolleys. All in all, Moscow is an easy city to get around in."

"I bought some perfume and bath water in the department stores. You could get practical things there, too, but the prices for clothes and boots were terribly high, because goods sold in these stores are in addition to a worker's rations and can be bought only by those who earn extra money by producing beyond their quotas."

"That evening I went out to the American Embassy with some nurses who had come up to Moscow with us and had been invited to stay there by Kathleen Harriman, daughter of the U.S. ambassador."

"We came in just as the diplomatic reception was beginning and suddenly I found myself getting a big handshake from Molotov, commissar of foreign affairs, and then from Marshal Rokossovsky, who'd been called to Moscow to be decorated. After that I met a lot of other Russian and foreign big shots, but I don't remember their names: I always did have difficulty with those Russian names. I got an excellent impression of Molotov, who answered questions very frankly, through an interpreter."

"Kathleen told us the dinner after the reception would be dull so we took off for town to see Moscow nightlife, armed with a card she gave us to get into the Hotel Moscow, where a Russian band plays American jazz from midnight on. Some gorgeous Russian girls cut in on us, wanting to dance American style. Pretty soon the place was a madhouse and we had ourselves a hell of a time."

"I was in Moscow the night Stalin issued his order-of-the-day declaring the last German had been driven from Russian soil. I'll remember those Victory salutes as long as I live. Vodka flowed like water and there was dancing in the streets. I'd give anything to be in Moscow the night the Russians get to Berlin."

Russian Reminiscing

By Sgt. EARL ANDERSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

ENGLAND—The Russians, if you ask three GI technicians of the Army Airways Communications System who recently got back to the UK from the Soviet, have an extremely direct way of going about their business. Take their method of greasing a jeep. Nine men would pile in the vehicle and drive out to a clear space in a field. Three of them would hop out on one side and six on the other, and, with one heave-ho, the jeep would be on its side, ready for the grease gun. After greasing it, the nine would tip it back on its wheels, hop in and drive off.

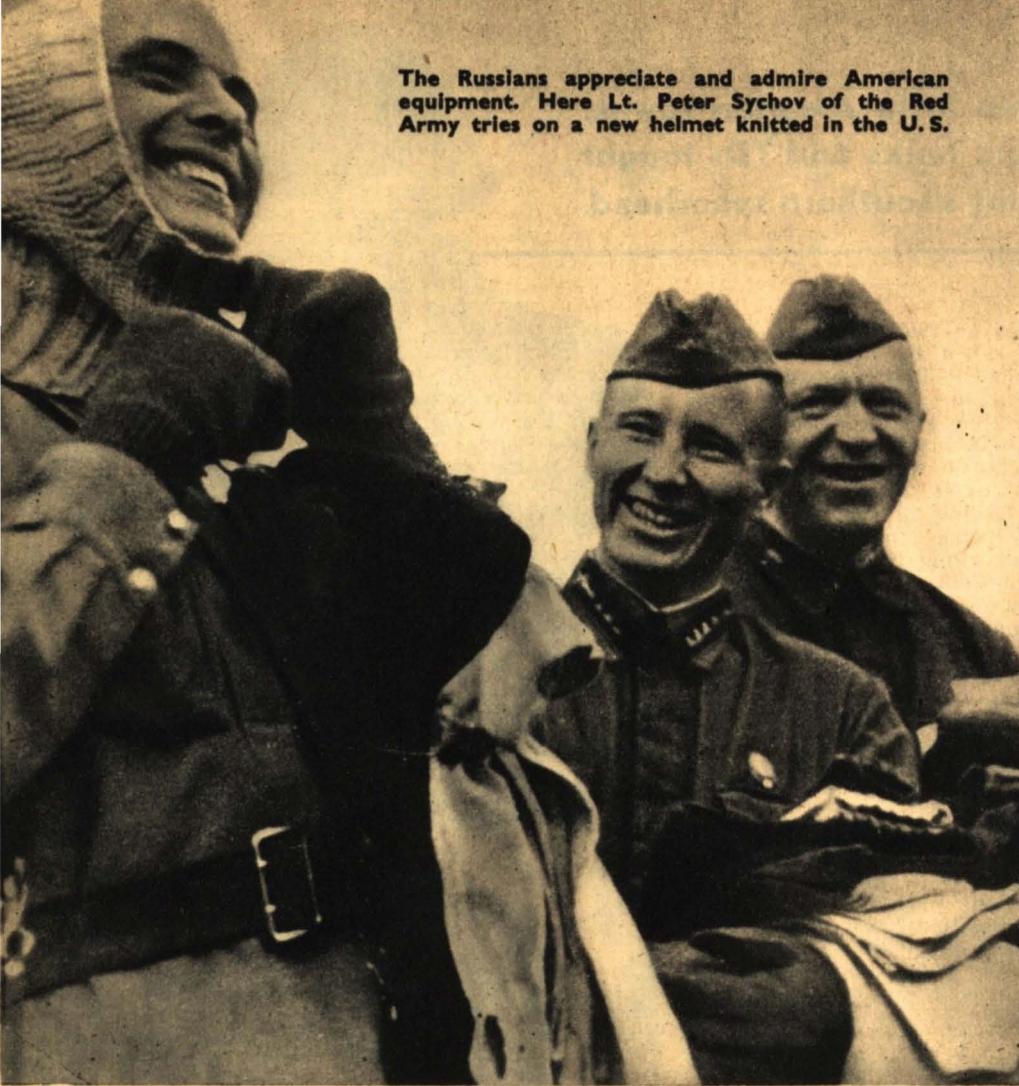
The Russians were just as purposeful about their play as about their work. There was the May Day celebration, for instance, which involved plenty of toasts to "Joe" and "FDR." The toasts were drunk in vodka by the tumblerful while the Americans found themselves obliged as the night wore on to limit their potions to small nips or run the risk of passing out. Even so, the Americans were glad when the time came to break it up, although their Russian pals were still going strong.

All over the UK these days, GIs who have done a hitch in the Soviet as part of the great shuttle-bombing project are having an easy time finding audiences for their reminiscences as the world follows the progress of the Russian drive for Berlin. And the Yanks have plenty of stories to tell—some dealing with their work out there, others with their lighter moments.

The trio giving out with the dope on jeeps and vodka consists of T/Sgt. Glen R. McClintock of Franklin, Pa., and T/Sgt. John E. Rock-

Here some Eighth Air Force men and Russian soldiers are finishing a control tower at a base in the USSR.

The Russians appreciate and admire American equipment. Here Lt. Peter Sychov of the Red Army tries on a new helmet knitted in the U.S.



A Soviet woman in an American locomotive takes military supplies to the front.



wood of Orchard Park, N.Y., both radio operators, and M/Sgt. John C. Parker of Thomasville, Ga., chief cryptographer of the mission. As part of a small AACs group, they were some of the first Americans to be taken to Russia by the Eastern Command and were stationed at a Ukrainian base.

Now back at an ATC base in southern England, the three men want it understood first off that for them, as for the other Yanks who tackled the Russian job, it was mostly work—with fun only when you could find it. "We worked such long hours that we practically thought in code after a couple of months," is the way the radio operators put it.

"It was a good place to be," McClintock said the other afternoon, speaking from the experience of 37 months overseas. "We saw the results of all our work when those big bombers came riding in after dropping their eggs on Germany. And even though we didn't work side-by-side with the Russians because our job was so technical, we did get to see how they operate."

The Americans did come to know one little Russian rather well. He was the guard at the door of their headquarters and he traded salutes with great ceremony when they went in or out. He not only learned to say "Good morning," "Good afternoon" and "Good evening," but finally he also learned to make the greeting fit the time of day.

Feeling such ambition should be encouraged, some of the GIs undertook his education. They caught him off duty and explained about rank in our Army and about American

ideas of military courtesy and so on, McClintock recalled. "So the next morning our man, as usual, salutes everybody coming in until he spots a lieutenant by his gold bar. Then he pulls himself up straighter than ever, brings up a salute like a West Pointer, catches the lieutenant's eye and, practically bursting with pride, calls out, 'Good morning, Jerk!'"

"The Lieutenant almost split his breeches," Rockwood added.

Most of the phrases picked up by the Russians, however, came from listening to the Americans talk among themselves. Many of these expressions were equally expressive. For example, after eating for sometime in the Russian officers' mess, the men were moved to their own mess hall. There they had GI cooks, but the food—mostly C-rations—was served by Russian waitresses. The waitresses soon picked up the six-syllable American word for "chow." They called it, with a delightful Russian accent, "MoregoddamC-rations."

In the Russian mess, every meal was the same, three times a day. It consisted of black bread, potatoes and a small amount of meat. "You know, that was all right at first," McClintock remarked. "But after the first three or four days it did get a little monotonous."

The thirsty GI could find more variety, usually having his choice of vodka, champagne or beer. With the Russians, of course, vodka was the odds-on favorite. They scorned the cheap, yellow variety found in Teheran, and drank only the real article—more expensive, but clear as water.

McClintock recalled the opening incident of that May Day celebration, which was held in the Russian officers' mess. Usually carafes filled with water were placed on the table, but on May Day they weren't filled with water—as a T-3 maintenance man speedily found out. He dashed in for an early supper, pulled up a chair, poured himself a glass of what he supposed was water, and downed it in a gulp.

"It lifted him right out of the chair," McClintock said.

The Red Air Force operated in the same direct way as the jeep greasers. They weren't inclined to bother much with traffic control and traffic towers and such. When a plane, appeared over the field, a Russian GI would scramble out on the field, carrying a white flag. The pilot would take a quick gander at the flag, see which way the wind was blowing, swing around and come on in.

"They flew transport planes like fighters," said Parker. "They could get a plane off faster than anyone I ever saw. They didn't wait

around revving up the engines for 10 minutes; they'd just taxi to the starting line, throttle up one engine for half a minute, then the other, and gun her down the runway. We learned before long that many of these transport pilots were combat aces—just taking a rest cure."

The runways were covered with heavy steel mats, and the men will never forget seeing these laid down, as it was their first sight of Russian women at work.

"When we flew into the field, we saw those Russian women unloading the mats from trucks," said McClintock. "They were flinging that steel around like it was cardboard."

The first Russian GIs the Americans saw looked a little strange because of the overcoats they wore. The coats came down to their ankles and most of them had been chopped off without a hem. The sleeves fell to their fingertips. The Russian officers looked neater.

Everybody in the Red Army collects a salute except the private, and the Russians apparently had been given to understand that this was also true of the American Army. So at first, while everybody on both sides was trying to make a good impression with everybody on the other, salutes were flying around the base like maple leaves in the fall.

THE Americans were impressed with the Russian guards. On duty, they didn't mess around with anybody. One time a visiting Red general tried to get to the ammunition dump. He waved his arms and spouted a steady stream, but the guard didn't blink an eyelash until another officer identified the general. Unauthorized prowlers learned, with even more of a shock, that the Red guards would squeeze one off in a hurry.

The AACs men never got to understand enough Russian to find out just how the Russians in this once-occupied part of the Ukraine felt about the Germans. They remember, however, one night they spent in fox holes during the first of two German bombing attacks. A huge Russian corporal was with them. He rolled up his right sleeve, revealing scar tissue from shoulder to wrist. He opened his blouse to display a savage red scar cutting across from his right shoulder to his stomach. He lunged back and forth and said, "Stalingrad." The GIs gathered he had been bayoneted in Stalingrad.

Then he broke into a gush of words and reached into the air as if to pluck one of the Germans out of the planes overhead. He took out his knife and swung it in a disemboweling motion.

The GIs got the idea.



Now at an English base, Parker (left), McClintock and Rockwood (right) re-hash their Soviet experiences.

Pocketed by superior enemy forces in two little Alsatian towns, an infantry regiment and some supporting tanks and TDs fought a delaying action that helped blunt the enemy's southern spearhead.

By Pvt. HOWARD KATZANDER
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE 79th DIVISION IN ALSACE—Many of the victories of Allied arms in this war have been won by sheer numbers, where overwhelming force thrown against the enemy has crushed and defeated him. But there have also been battles in which the enemy has had the major strength, and yet has failed because of the delaying action of an outnumbered Allied force.

When the Germans launched their attack in Alsace, they disorganized and overwhelmed part of a rookie regiment, fresh from the States, that had been holding the Main Line of Resistance along the forts of the Maginot Line, east and southeast of the village of Hatten. Stragglers who made their way to nearby Rittershoffen told of whole platoons being wiped out and said the Germans were in full possession of the village.

At 2100 hours, the veteran Second Battalion of the 315th Infantry set out from Rittershoffen for Hatten. Avoiding the straight mile-long road between the two towns, they moved cautiously across the snow-covered fields. One platoon probed the railroad track just south of the villages, and two other platoons advanced on either side of the road.

F Company of the Second Battalion led the advance into Hatten, running into some artillery on the way in but suffering no casualties. Lt. John B. Tilson of Kansas City took his Third Platoon into the main street. About a hundred yards in, they found an abandoned M-10 mounting a three-inch naval gun and decided to stop there for the night.

Lt. Tilson, Lt. James W. Renfro of Tulsa, Okla., and Sgt. Dewey J. White of Miller, Ohio, platoon scout, went ahead on a brief reconnaissance and established contact with the CP of the rookie outfit's First Battalion, located in a schoolhouse up the street. Then they set out a defense line and called it a night. That was the last quiet night the men of the 315th spent for 12 days.

THEY were not alone in the fight that followed. With the Negro soldiers of the 827th TD Battalion and elements of the 14th Armored Division, they held off the tanks and troops of the 21st Panzer Division and the 25th Panzer Grenadier Division in a savage and continuing battle that made the Germans pay dear for the ground they gained.

For 48 hours, the 315th's Second Battalion was cut off while the Third Battalion fought for its life in Rittershoffen. For days after that, there was only radio contact with the outside world and then the batteries went dead. Even after contact was restored, the supply line was just a thin and harried procession of two or three tanks and half-tracks. They poked their way through the snow mists by night, bringing in ammo, radio batteries, bandages and plasma through the hills and valleys, taking out the wounded.

It was fighting that didn't go by the books. The 315th fired its mortars almost straight into the air to catch enemy infantry in the next yard. They used their bazookas as mortars too, firing them in a high trajectory, then ducking for cover in case stray breezes caught the projectiles and dropped them back in their laps. They holed up in ruins and cellars, then called down artillery barrages on their own positions to trap Germans probing on the outside.

The enemy had other advantages in addition to the weight of numbers. Their tanks and other vehicles were camouflaged white while ours stood out in perfect silhouette against the snow. Their men were equipped with white-hooded snowsuits, while ours fought in tattered OD.

The Germans held all of Hatten except for the 200 to 300 yards of the main street at the west end of town, where the 600-odd men of the Second Battalion, perhaps a hundred civilians and assorted livestock were herded together. All of Rittershoffen was also in German hands, except for a triangle which thrust its apex toward the center of the

village, with Jerrys on two sides and on the third an orchard raked by deadly crossfire.

There were German OPs in the church steeples in both towns, until our artillery made it too hot for them, and they sheltered their infantry and set up their machine-gun positions behind the thick church walls.

After that first quiet night, the Second Battalion began the job of clearing Hatten. G Company, with some tank support, went south of the village along the railroad track. F Company, under Capt. Tennyson L. Nordstrom of Lake City, Minn., began clearing the houses along the main drag. At first there was no sign of the enemy, but small-arms fire from the houses at an important intersection indicated they were well defended, and farther up the street were mortar positions in the church.

Just before the intersection the main street made a slight turn to the right. A tank began rolling down this side street, and the men of F Company took cover in houses on each side. The tank pulled up until it could fire pointblank.

"We fired out of the parlor windows until the tank got into position," Sgt. White said, "and then pulled back out of the house and let them blast away. When the shelling stopped, we'd go back to our positions and lay it into the Jerry infantry that was moving in to take over."

But German artillery and mortars were plastering the area from high ground beyond the village, and the street on F Company's left flank was in Jerry hands; so the Americans pulled back to the bend in the main street that afternoon and established a solid front on this western tip of the village.

One of the TD boys, Sgt. Harry Johnson of Philadelphia, checked the abandoned M-10 and discovered that the gun would fire and there was ammo, although it wouldn't move. While Johnson manned the gun, his CO—Lt. Robert F. Jones of Casper, Wyo.—set up a machine gun on the steps of a house, from which he could see a little way past the bend in the street.

When the Jerrys moved up armor to wipe out this little pocket, Lt. Jones held his fire until the first tank was almost up to the bend. Then he opened up as a signal for Johnson to fire his three-inch gun. The lieutenant and sergeant worked as a team until one of the tanks blew the steps out from under Lt. Jones' MG, without injuring him.

There were three other TDs attached to the battalion. Lack of camouflage put them at a disadvantage, until somebody thought of covering the vehicles with bedsheets.

The second night the Jerrys started using flamethrowers, an effective weapon because of the way the buildings were laid out. All the houses occupied by the Second Battalion were connected by sheds to barns, and they were built in pairs—two houses, two sheds and two barns close together—so that if one building was on fire, eventually all six would burn.

When German infantrymen used the flamethrowers at first, our MG and rifle fire drove them off. Then the Germans came in behind tanks, advancing against their objective after shells and grenades had cleared the way. This system worked a lot better, but the Germans improved it even more by bringing in light tanks mounting flamethrowers.

The morning of the third day the Germans counterattacked against both villages. To the left of Hatten was a draw paralleling the road toward Rittershoffen. Using this as cover, tanks and half-tracks loaded with infantry started for Rittershoffen, while a large-scale attack was in progress in Hatten. Sgt. Spencer Irving of Yanceyville, N.C., a TD gunner, saw three tanks coming his way just outside of Hatten and stopped them with successive shots. But the attack went on.

Outside Rittershoffen, a squad from the MG section of the Third Battalion's M Company—under Sgt. Paul H. Danker of Kamoka, Mo., was manning a roadblock. Under cover of an artillery barrage—salvos of three 170-mm shells every 15 seconds—German tanks and



The city of Colmar was another great objective of the German drive in Alsace—but here too they failed. Here a French soldier looks at the city.

infantry began moving toward the Americans out of the draw. Other columns were moving down from the high ground north of the villages, all of them converging on Rittershoffen. In their white camouflage they were almost invisible against the snow and the early morning mists.

German tanks knocked out three supporting tanks of the 14th Armored Division. When the situation became too hot, part of the MG section was ordered back, but Danker remained with Pfc. Delwyn E. Warner of Long Beach, Calif., and Pfc. Louis A. Davis of Columbia, S.C. They concentrated their fire on the infantry supporting the enemy tanks as long as they could. Then they started back, crawling 400 yards under artillery and mortar fire to the village.

Close behind the enemy tanks came the half-tracks, German infantrymen dropping a grenade in each fox hole they passed.

I Company was forced back by the same attack in great confusion, but order was restored while Sgt. Edward F. Kowalczyk of Lublin, Wis., and three other I Company men used a 57-mm antitank gun on the edge of town with good effect. German MG crossfire forced their withdrawal to an abandoned tank, which was still in firing order. They manned it until a German shell put this gun out of action also.

Now the road between the two villages was cut, leaving Hatten isolated and deprived of supplies. The Second Battalion CP was forced to withdraw from Rittershoffen to a neighboring village. One company of the First Battalion, sent to Rittershoffen to help out, was engulfed as it entered the western end of the village.

Urgent messages reached the regimental CP from Hatten, asking for supplies—especially radio batteries and blood plasma. Shell cases

Outnumbered



In the Haguenau sector of the Seventh Army Alsatian front, a 105-mm howitzer fires across the Moder River in support of an infantry regiment.

used for firing leaflets into enemy lines were loaded instead with supplies and fired at map coordinates marking the position of our troops surrounded in Hatten. But only one shell could be found in the mass of rubble and wreckage, and the plasma containers inside had been smashed.

P-47s of the Tactical Air Force tried next after arranging by radio with the Second Battalion to mark the target area with red blankets. Weather delayed the mission until shortly after noon. Maybe the Jerries had heard the radio messages, or perhaps it was just coincidence, but when the Thunderbolts came in over the area, two jet jobs were busy strafing, which didn't help their aim. The target area was too small to use parachutes, and the bundles had to be dropped like bombs. The nearest pack hit outside the village, in an area dominated by enemy guns. A patrol that finally reached the bundle found it contained TD ammo, none of it useable because of the impact.

That evening a tank with a trailer load of ammo started toward Hatten; it was last seen near the railroad tracks southwest of the village. Early next morning, two half-tracks dashed safely into Hatten and back to Rittershoffen. They brought back a request for ammo for the M-10, and regiment ordered 40 rounds of mixed HE and AP brought forward from a dump. The half-tracks were to return to Hatten with the ammo under darkness and bring out a load of wounded. But the ammo was delayed by tire trouble, and now there was no longer any hurry: daylight was too near.

In both villages, German flamethrowing tanks were in action, and in Hatten the Second Battalion and the civilians with them were

steadily being confined to a smaller and smaller area. While 47 men, women and children hid in the basement, Lt. Morris W. Goodwin of Jacksonville, Fla., and his F Company platoon fought off the Germans from the first and second floors of one building.

"We stuck it out until the house was in flames," Lt. Goodwin said, "and then we pulled out. I saw the Jerries flick their flamethrowers into the cellar windows. None of the civilians came out."

As in the Battle of the Bulge up north, the Germans here resorted to all the deceptions in the book and several that weren't. 1st Sgt. William Desnier of Anniston, Ala., was guarding the bend in Hatten's main street when a white flag was cautiously poked around the bend and waved for a moment. It was followed by a half-track loaded with infantrymen and more on foot, about 30 in all. Desnier, manning an MG, noticed they still carried their weapons. Then he heard the rumble of a tank approaching behind the half-track. He and Johnson in the M-10 opened up.

Later a half-track poked its Red Cross-marked nose around the bend. Johnson fired a warning shot, high. He was answered by an MG burst as the "medics" withdrew.

In Rittershoffen, which also had its quota of trapped civilians, the Jerries dressed up at night as old women to scout the Third Battalion's positions. When the Germans started wearing GI overcoats as disguise, an order went out for all Americans in the village to stop wearing theirs and to fire on troops in overcoats. Many Germans wearing GI clothing were killed in Hatten, but nobody knows for sure whether they wore our field jackets and combat boots for protection against the cold or as disguises.

The men in Hatten did not suffer a food shortage. There was plenty to eat in the larders of the abandoned houses, and livestock killed by shrapnel provided fresh meat. But at times it was impossible to prepare hot food because

the fighting was so intense.

There were plenty of episodes that the men who fought there will remember—like the time a Jerry flamethrower set fire to a house where 26 antitank mines were stored. There was enough explosive in the mines to blow up the whole section of town held by the Third Battalion. But Pvt. Robert H. Calcaterra of Herron, Ill., and T/Sgt. William H. Van Dyke of Grand Rapids, Mich., carried all the mines out through the flames.

Or the time when Pfc. Alfred A. Gagne of Waterville, Me., a rifleman from K Company of the Third was watching armored infantry supported by tanks attacking Jerries in an orchard on the eastern tip of town. There were plenty of wounded in the orchard, more than the aid men of the armored unit could handle. Pfc. Juan A. Franklin of New York, N.Y., a K Company aid man, announced that he was going out to help them. "But I can't bring them in alone," he said. Gagne slipped off his rifle and cartridge belt, put on a Red Cross brassard and went out with Franklin, who dressed the wounded under mortar and artillery fire. Together they carried seven men off that battlefield.

When a 120-mm shell crashed unexploded into the cellar of a house where Pfc. James W. Jones of Ambler, Okla., an F Company mortar man, had taken shelter with a group of civilians, he picked it up and carried it outside. When the shelling was over and Jones returned to the spot where he had left the shell, he found it had exploded.

On the afternoon of the seventh day, after radio contact between the troops in Hatten and the CP had been broken for several hours, it was restored. Lt. Col. Earl F. Holton, Second Battalion CO, who was with his men in Hatten throughout the battle, reported that the enemy was attacking in strength, bringing up reinforcements to strengthen the two Panzer units. But the Americans hung on.

The Germans used everything from pole charges (blocks of explosives fastened to the end of a pole and thrust through windows) to thousand-round artillery barrages.

The next night was bitter cold, snowing and windy. Lt. Charles T. Hickman of Morgantown, W.Va., S-4 of the Second Battalion, Pfc. Lewis T. Grissom of Stringer, Miss., Pfc. George K. Bastian of Union Bridge, Me., Pfc. David F. Johnson of Detroit, Mich., and Pfc. David Morris of Philadelphia borrowed three half-tracks for another dash into Hatten with ammo and medical supplies. They made it safely, unloading their supplies and loading up with wounded. When a bazooka knocked out one of the half-tracks on the way back, the other two stopped, divided up the additional wounded and brought them all in safely.

The eleventh night was the worst. The Germans followed up a 3,000-shell barrage on Hatten with a counterattack in full strength. It was their final effort. After that all was quiet. The Germans regrouped, withdrawing some of their forces to probe other sections of the line.

On the twelfth night, to meet the demands of the changing tactical situation along the entire Alsatian front, the American forces were withdrawn to a new MLR. In both villages the withdrawal was accomplished without a shot fired. A small force of tanks and infantry was left behind to cover the retreat from Hatten.

Getting ready to leave, Pfc. William F. Saxon of Portland, Ore., scout of the Second Battalion headquarters company, had an afterthought. He picked up a can of gasoline and walked back into the village to a spot long in No Man's Land, where a quantity of ammo had been left. Saxon knew Jerry had plenty of our weapons; no use giving him ammo. He poured the gas over the ammo and set it on fire. Then the convoy started out of town.

Throughout the battle a single cow had somehow escaped the shrapnel and bullets. Country-bred GIs had fed and milked her at odd moments and the cow had stayed with her friends. Now, behind the slow-moving column leaving Hatten, there came the musical tinkling of a bell.

"What's that?" somebody asked.

"It's that damn cow."

"Well, shut her up before she gives us away." A GI dropped back to silence the plodding cow. His hand paused on his pistol holster; then he reached instead for his combat knife and slit the leather thong around the cow's neck. With a final tinkle, the bell dropped into the snow and the little column moved silently ahead.

By Pfc. IRA HENRY FREEMAN
YANK Staff Writer

YOU'VE just finished dinner in the airport restaurant at New York when the last call for passengers on the 8 P.M. London express comes over the PA. As you walk through the bustling administration building, you recall that every 45 seconds there's a transport leaving or landing at this big field.

The four-engine, double-decked plane you go aboard is far larger than the transports the Army used during the war; it takes a crew of 11 to run her. About 100 passengers get on—some in the day coach with you, the rest in the sleeper cabin, which has Pullman-type berths.

After your ship has left the two-mile runway, you're surprised by the lack of vibration and noise. You stop a cute stewardess and ask how high the plane is. Twenty thousand feet, she says. Your ears are not ringing; you have no trouble breathing, no distress when you move. That's because the cabin is pressurized to the atmosphere of 8,000 feet, she tells you; at 8,000 it was pressurized to sea level.

Time doesn't drag. You find a fellow-traveling slick chick and buy her a drink in the lounge on the lower deck. Toward midnight there's a brief refueling stop at Botwood, Newfoundland. Then you let your soft, reclining chair way back and fall asleep, while the transport runs down its easting at 300 mph.

Up in the substratosphere, sunlight in your eyes wakes you very early. The crowded washroom reminds you of a Pullman. Later, while you are eating breakfast from a tray the stewardess has brought, the plane sits down for a quick call at Foynes, Eire. In about an hour and a half, dark forest patches give way to buildings; an occasional ribbon of road to a web of highways. Someone says that the smoke-fog cloud there hides London.

When you quit the plane at Croydon for the bus into London, you are just 12 hours out of New York, although the time difference makes it 1 P.M. in Britain. Only half a day of your two-week vacation has been lost in traveling. Your ticket cost \$148, or \$266 round-trip.

All this and Paris, too—only 45 minutes and four bucks farther on.

THAT is no Buck Rogers vision of the next generation. It is a composite preview of what the American aviation industry and public agencies are seriously preparing for immediately after the war—as early as 1946 if the Government permits, whether Japan is finished off by then or not.

The giant planes to make possible this cannon-ball service across oceans and continents are already designed; 225, costing a total of \$160 million, are contracted for. The manufacturers say that if the Government thought it wise to release materials, they could get the first new airliners ready by next summer.

Construction of Idlewild Airport, larger than any existing field and No. 1 of a string capable of handling the mammoth ships, has been started in New York. Tables of long-distance passenger fares, not much above pre-war tourist steamship rates, have already been submitted to the Federal Government for approval.

Like a lot of other things, development of air transportation has been both hindered and helped by the war. In pre-war days, there were 358 transports on domestic routes, with 18 companies competing over perhaps 31,000 miles of scheduled flights. In the foreign service, there was only one American company, Pan American Airways, the world's largest, with 100 planes assigned to 98,000 route-miles in 56 countries.

In 1941 the leading airlines were ordering larger planes and planning extensions of service, faster travel and cheaper rates. The attack on Pearl Harbor knocked all their plans into a steel hat. The Army and Navy transport services grabbed hundreds of planes from commercial lines and ripped out chairs to make room for bucket seats or cargo. All transport planes produced after that were GI.

The commercial transports just before the war were mostly Douglas DC-3s (known in military service as C-47s and C-53s)—two-engine 21-passenger planes weighing 13 tons and having an average cruising speed of 180 mph. There were also some four-engine transports—like the Boeing Clipper B-314, a 42-ton 72-passenger flying boat, and the Boeing Stratoliner B-307, a 33-passenger land plane used on overseas routes.

For the Army's Air Transport Command, a fleet



The DC-6 liner, similar to the Army's C-54, is expected to be one of the principal passenger planes right after the war ends.

The aviation industry promises a New York-to-London trip in 12 hours to cost the passengers only 4 cents a mile.

of many thousand transports has been manufactured since Pearl Harbor, 70 percent of them DC-3s. The Government airplane-procurement program has progressed so well that about 200 planes—mostly DC-3s—already have been returned to civilian lines.

During the war, the ATC has spread a network of nearly 125,000 air miles over the globe. Today, only four years after commercial trans-Atlantic service was inaugurated, the ATC flies the North Atlantic both ways on one-hour headway throughout the year. The Navy Air Transport Service, while a much smaller operation, also deserves a great deal of the credit for our aviation development since Pearl Harbor.

Naturally, experience gained in the three years of war has resulted in advances in airport lighting, weather forecasting and navigation by radio beams and radar, all of which should pay off after the war in more and safer night flying as well as blind thick-weather flying. As for speed, leaders of the industry boast right now that no place with a landing field need be more than 60 hours' flying time away from any other place on the habitable earth.

As a matter of fact, the economic and political problems of post-war aviation may be tougher to solve than the purely technical problems. This was brought out at the recent international conference in Chicago, to which 52 nations sent delegates to discuss the best and fairest means of handling global nonmilitary air traffic. The American position was that commercial rates, routes and schedules should be set everywhere by open competition among the nations. Some European delegates, the British particularly, expressed fear that our head start in aviation would give us a competitive advantage that other countries could not overcome. These delegates proposed that the post-war field be divided in advance so that all competitors could be sure of having a look-in. Whatever the final solution, it seems clear that no nation wants to see the rush for post-war aviation business develop into a cutthroat game, which would be a source of friction among friendly countries.

Post-War Volume of Travel

THE Civil Aeronautics Administration calls for 1,827 first-class air stations in the continental United States after the war. There are now 286 cities certified for big-plane stops, but only 112 of these are in good condition. No existing commercial airport could accommodate the enormous land planes scheduled for 1947 and after.

Only five years after the end of the war, domestic air travel will be seven times the 1940 business, and 1,500 planes will be needed, according to Dr. D. H. Davenport, director of business research for the Curtiss-Wright Corporation. Freight, he thinks, will amount to 110 million

ton-miles, contrasted with 3½ million in 1940.

American Airlines, our leading domestic passenger and cargo carrier, will add 40 percent to its pre-war total of 8,450 miles, calling at 87 cities in 32 states. United Air Lines, Trans-continental & Western Air Inc., Eastern Air Lines and other important companies all propose similar expansion of their domestic service; some, in addition, plan to enter or expand their international service.

Besides the many thousands of miles of routes in the States, Canada and Alaska, the Civil Aeronautics Board has mapped 20 major routes totaling 140,000 miles of foreign airways it wants American planes to fly with passengers and freight after the war. L. Welch Pogue, chairman of the CAB, says that "perhaps most of the overseas passenger business will be in the air."

It is estimated that 105,000 passengers a year will travel between Europe and the United States by 1950—as many as 14,000 monthly during the warm season. Ten years from now, 230,000 round trips are expected to be clocked annually across the North Atlantic, constituting half of all international air travel.

Seventeen of the great ships as yet unbuilt are scheduled to make 50 departures a week for Pan American Airways alone from New York, Baltimore, Washington, Boston, Detroit and Chicago for European cities during the peak of a post-war summer vacation period.

Just as before the war, three-quarters of all airline customers are expected to be Americans. Thirty-seven percent will travel on family business and 44 percent on holiday; the rest on commercial, diplomatic and miscellaneous missions.

The scramble for this business is already on; everybody wants to get into the act. More than 370 American concerns have applied for franchises to give service over foreign and domestic airways. These include not only airlines but also steamship companies, railroads and even bus lines, one of which wants to run helicopter shuttles as an "extension of service."

Thirty soldiers, ranging in grade from private to lieutenant in the AAF and ATC, have formed the Norseman Air Transport to give 50 New England towns air service totaling 2,500 miles after the war. The boys plan to buy 34 planes from GI surplus, and only war veterans will be able to get jobs with them.

Post-War Speeds and Fares

THE primary reason more people have not flown up to now is the high cost of air travel. Bigger, faster planes will mean lower fares. The key to aviation progress in the post-war world is big, fast planes; the whole transport industry is concentrating on increased size.

With the addition of only a few of the proposed high-speed 100-passenger packets, Pan American

Airways, for example, could increase its passenger capacity in Latin America 100 times, or five times the greatest volume carried by sea and air combined in the best pre-war year. Freight capacity would be increased 18 times the 1941 volume. Pan American also figures that three 100-seat planes could carry twice as many passengers between California and Hawaii as ever traveled by sea and air in the best year up to 1939.

The 200 new planes ordered from manufacturers for post-war delivery to domestic transport lines will take 9,300 passengers in day-coach seats, 30 percent more than all 18 domestic fleets combined could carry in pre-war days. The full list of 225 post-war planes ordered so far will have an aggregate capacity 60 to 75 percent greater than the entire pre-war fleet.

Besides, the new planes will be able to average 13 hours aloft daily, compared with 10 hours for pre-war ships, and to run 900 hours between engine overhauls as against 700 in 1940. This extra stamina has the same effect as more or larger planes.

By raising the average cruising speed of the

post-war planes from the 180 mph of the pre-war DC-3 to 250, 300 or even 340 mph, the world shrinks astonishingly. In a special study for the Brookings Institution, Dr. J. Parker van Zandt declared that before long "no place on earth will be more than two days away."

Look at these space-eaters:

The Douglas Aircraft Company Inc. claims for its proposed DC-6 a coast-to-coast schedule of 8½ hours with a full pay load, as against 17 hours for today's DC-3. Fast trains take three days now. In a DC-6, Chicago would be brought within 2 hours 40 minutes of New York. The DC-6 would roar into London from New York in 11 hours 56 minutes, including two intermediate stops. The latest commercial record is 14½ hours, while before the war the flight took 26½ hours. On the *Queen Mary*, you bounced for 4½ days, at best, between New York and Southampton.

The Boeing Aircraft Company asserts that the Stratocruiser, a commercial adaptation of its B-29, would make it possible to leave New York after lunch and have dinner on the West Coast, or to board the plane in New York after breakfast and arrive in London before bedtime, even counting the difference in time.

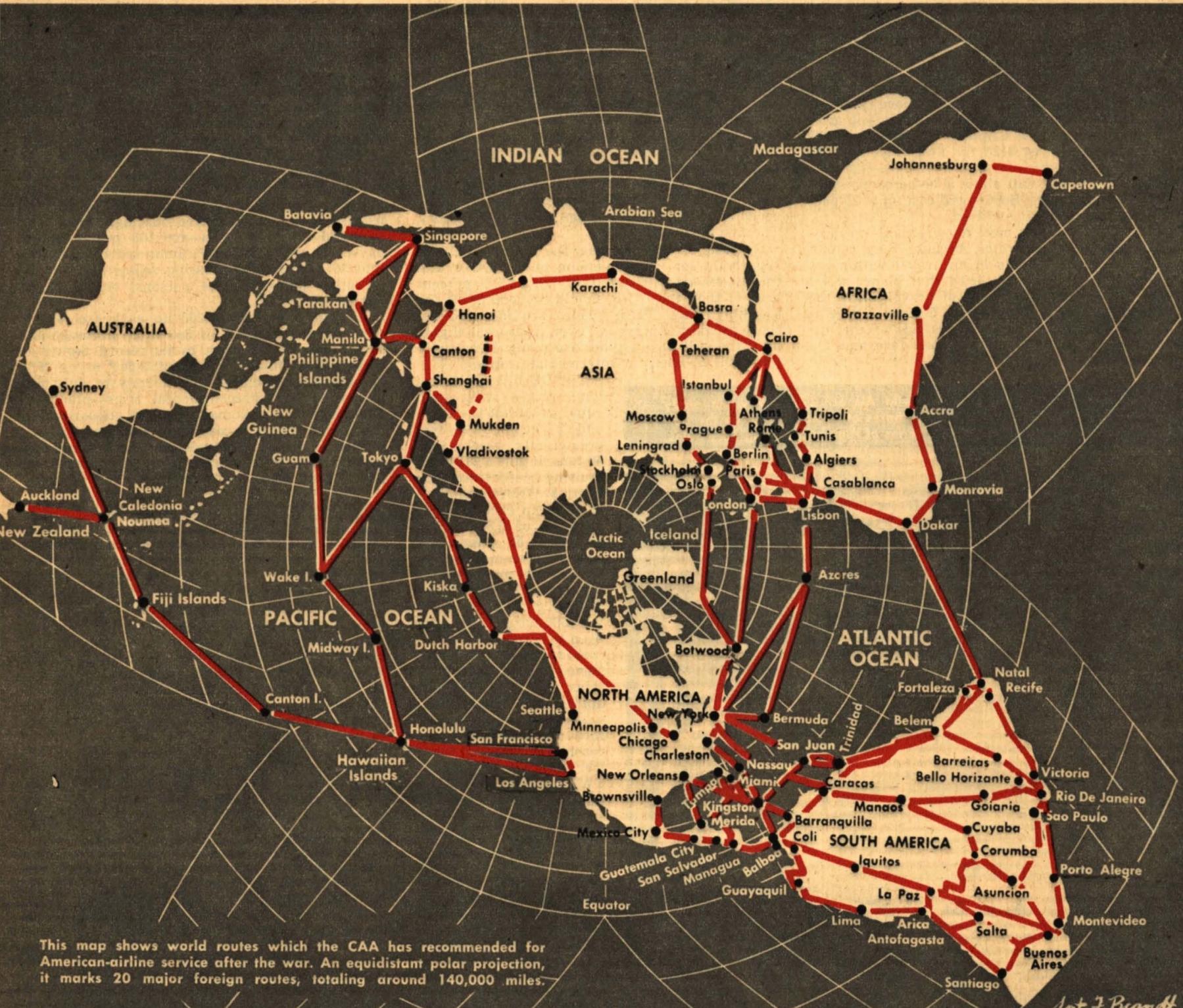
National Airlines has filed a schedule with the CAB which calls for a flight between New York and Miami in the DC-4 in 4½ hours, as against nearly twice that time with present equipment.

On the proposed Douglas DC-7 or the immense Lockheed Constitution, you could wing over the 2,500 miles of open water between the Golden Gate and Honolulu in half the 16½ hours it takes now. Steamship time is five days.

The great planes would make the long journey from New York to Calcutta in 40 hours 10 minutes, instead of nearly six days as at present. They would go rolling down to Rio in less than 20 hours, clipping 46 hours 10 minutes off the present time. They would whisk you from San Francisco to Manila in 23 hours (a five-day trip by pre-Pearl Harbor plane) or to Australia or New Zealand in one day flat; from New York to Bermuda in 3½ hours.

But how about the moola for all this global gallivanting? Listen to Juan Trippe, Pan American Airways' president: "In the air age we are entering, no American who works will find world travel beyond his means. . . . We propose to move boldly ahead to provide mass transpor-

Air Travel After the War



This map shows world routes which the CAA has recommended for American-airline service after the war. An equidistant polar projection, it marks 20 major foreign routes, totaling around 140,000 miles.

Sgt. F. Brandt

tation for the businessman and tourist at low rates unique in air transportation."

In general, aviation authorities are looking forward to passenger fares of 3 to 7 cents a mile soon after the war. The Glenn L. Martin Company boasts that its short-range Mercury 202 could make money on 2½ cents a passenger-mile, while C. L. Egtvedt, chairman of Boeing, believes the Stratocruiser should operate at 2 cents. No established airline, however, yet proposes to do business at such bargain prices.

Passenger rates in the U. S. now are under 5 cents a mile, or 10 percent less than before the war. Rates on American airlines are 5½ cents in Mexico, 8 cents elsewhere in Latin America, and range from 9 to 17 cents on other foreign trips. Before the war, Atlantic and Pacific fares were 9 to 11 cents a mile—the longer the trip the cheaper the rate.

Pan American Airways has filed a prospectus with the Federal Government offering a fare of \$148, or 4 cents a mile, for the 3,460 airline miles between New York and London on its post-war four-engine 100-passenger ships. American Airways has announced a prospective fare on a DC-6 of \$235, or 6½ cents a mile. The present fare is \$572, or 17 cents a mile; before the war it was \$375, or 11 cents a mile. Minimum first-class fare on the *Queen Mary* for the New York-Southampton run in 1939 was \$316; third class was \$107.50. On other first-class or cabin-class Cunarders and French liners, the fare was around \$282.

So, although the airlines intend to undercut first-class, and perhaps second-class, steamship fares, probably the airplane will not be the leading means of trans-Atlantic travel until its fares better third-class steamship rates. A 10-hour dash to London for a hundred bucks, which one airline hopes for eventually, would pack 'em in.

The present price of the 2,500-mile flight between Los Angeles or San Francisco and Honolulu is \$278, about one-third above pre-war prices. Pan American proposes to carry you after the war on the new Clippers for \$96. The 1939 steamship fare was \$125 for first class and \$85 for cabin class.

All the airlines will allow a 10-percent reduction for round trips. Berths will cost up to 25 percent of the fares in addition.

The domestic lines have not been able to forecast their post-war rates, because they cannot guess what the volume of air travel within the States will be. It is admitted that planes won't become the favorite mode of travel until the current fare of slightly under 5 cents a mile is lowered within challenging distance of the approximate 2 cents-a-mile railroad fare and 1½ cents-a-mile bus fare.

This model shows how the great Idlewild Airport will look when ready for post-war traffic. Constructed on the shores of Jamaica Bay, on the outskirts of New York City, it will have a series of runways totaling 13½ miles.



Post-War Planes

THE new transport planes you will see in civilian traffic right after the war will not be jet-propelled, silent and vibrationless, taking off without runways. And they won't be helicopters rising straight up from roofs of downtown office buildings, or rockets shooting through the stratosphere out of sight at two miles per second. In sober fact, a great proportion of the first post-war transports will be simply new DC-3s, DC-4s, and CW-20Es. The enduring popularity of the DC-3 is attested by Pan American's plans to have it comprise half its post-war fleet of 100 planes.

Sixty-two Douglas DC-4s at \$380,000 apiece already have been ordered by various airlines. As the C-54, this plane has logged 6,000 ocean crossings for the ATC with few accidents. Weighing over 35 tons, it will carry 44 passengers in coach seats or 22 in berths, plus a crew of five. Its four Pratt & Whitney engines of 1,450 hp each give it a cruising speed of 239 mph. Its length is 94 feet, wing span 117½ feet, height 27½ feet. The interior of one C-54 recently was redone to show how it would look as a civilian DC-4—and then, after one day, fixed up for GI duty again.

Orders have been placed for about 30 Curtiss-Wright CW-20Es, which also have been successful in the ATC as C-46 Commandos. They are 24-tonners, driven by four 1,100-hp Wright Cyclone engines at a 242-mph cruising speed with 36 to 42 passengers. Construction cost is \$300,000.

But airlines want custom-made planes, rather than machines returned from the ATC. The latter have had very hard usage. Besides, reconversion of a DC-3 to civilian purposes costs \$40,000, one-third its original price. That's considered too much to spend on a second-hand plane.

These smallest of the new transports are intended for short hauls, especially in the States, and for feeder lines into long-range express routes. For that kind of service, Douglas also has designed the Skybus, a little lighter than the DC-3 but carrying 24 passengers and cruising at 226 mph on its two engines. Its cost is about \$15,000 under that of a DC-3.

Similarly, Martin offers its two-engine Mercury, with a capacity of 30 passengers, a cruising speed of 250 mph and a range of 250 to 700 miles. The first cost is \$300,000.

By 1946, or 1947 anyway, the Douglas DC-6, a slightly larger, faster version of the DC-4, and the Lockheed Constellation, about 10 percent heavier than the DC-6, should be coming off the assembly lines. These planes are intended for coast-to-coast express and even transoceanic flights until the still bigger types are ready. Eventually they will be used for intermediate ranges.

The DC-6 is 100½ feet long, has a wing span equal to that of the DC-4 and a height 1½ feet greater. Its weight tops 40 tons. It gets a 316-mph cruising speed from four Pratt & Whitney engines of 2,100 hp each and has a range of 3,540 miles. At least 50 passengers can be accommodated by day and 24 in berths at night, plus a crew of six. Sixty-eight DC-6s, costing \$580,000 per job, have been ordered.

Airlines also have signed for 40 Constellations, costing \$727,000 apiece. One Constellation was completed just before the war but never reached commercial service. Howard Hughes of TWA showed it off by piloting it to a transcontinental speed record of 6½ hours. Its weight is more than 45 tons, and it will seat 56 day-coach passengers on domestic routes and 40 on transoceanic trips, or accommodate 30 in berths. Like the DC-6, the Constellation requires a crew of six. Its four Wright 2,200-hp engines give it a cruising speed of 322 mph.

The really big stuff among currently planned transport planes—the Douglas DC-7 and Lockheed Constitution—will not be ready until some time after 1947. Twenty-six DC-7s have been ordered at a total outlay of \$36,400,000; one is partly constructed at the Long Beach (Calif.) plant of Douglas. No Constitutions have yet been contracted for (unless secretly), but it is known that at least one airline is counting on them to realize projected international schedules. No commercial airport in the world has runways adequate for such ponderous air vessels.

Weighing in at 81 tons, the DC-7 is seven times the size of the DC-3 and nearly twice as big as the Boeing B-314 seaplane. Its wing span exceeds the height of a 16-story building. Two cabins will seat 108 passengers maximum, but on 3,500-mile transoceanic flights, for which the ship is specifically intended, only 95 passengers will be accepted by day and 79 (with 20 in berths) by night. The crew of 10 has a separate flight deck. The cargo holds take 1,169 cubic feet of pay load. Four engines delivering 14,000 hp pull the gigantic liner forward at 296-mph cruising speed.

If the DC-7 is colossal, the Constitution is supercolossal. Its gross weight is 92 tons. The wings are so thick a mechanic can walk right inside them. A maximum of 149 passengers can be carried, although on long over-water hops only 128 will be taken by day, 119 (with 30 berths) by night. More than 2,000 cubic feet of cargo space are provided. To operate this \$2,029,488 Leviathan, a crew of 11—four pilots, three stewards, two radiomen, a navigator, and an engineer—is required. The plane has the same power plant as the DC-7, but its greater tonnage reduces its average cruising speed by 8 mph.

Not yet sold to anybody are designs for Boeing's 377 Stratocruiser, commercial adaptations of Martin's Mars and some "dream ships." The Stratocruiser is a commercial development of Boeing's Superfortress. In a test last January, an Army transport version flew across the country in 6 hours 9 minutes, said to be a new record. At 60 tons, it is the largest land transport actually built. Its wing span is 141 feet 3 inches, the same as the B-29, but its length, 110 feet 4 inches, is 12 feet greater. The striking feature is a double-decked fuselage which can be fitted in three ways—for 100 passengers in day-coach seats; for 72 Pullman seats making up into 36 berths, plus dressing rooms and an observation lounge for 14 persons; or for 25,000 pounds of freight.

Its four engines of 2,200 hp each are said to give a cruising speed of 340 mph, although the ship averaged 380 mph in its record flight; its fuel tanks allow a range of 3,500 miles. The manufacturer declares that a crew of only five is needed on transcontinental trips—pilot, co-pilot, engineer-radioman and two stewards. For transoceanic flights, a navigator and one steward would be added. Boeing's claims to speed are higher, and to comprehensive operating costs lower, than those of its competitors.

ON the DC-6 and larger types, cabins will be air-conditioned and pressurized, making oxygen inhalators unnecessary at high altitudes. They will be insulated against cold, heat, noise and vibration by blankets of fibreglass. Electric galleys will provide hot meals freshly prepared; the pre-war policy of free food is expected to continue at least until fares are brought way down.

All post-war planes will use more plastics and light metals to reduce weight. Heating devices will combat icing of wings. Most new planes will be day coaches; a few, all-sleepers; more, combinations of both. All passenger planes will carry some cargo, while a few may be used exclusively as freighters.

Except for possible commercial use of the Mars, post-war airplanes apparently are going to be land types. Airlines seem unanimous in preferring these as more economical and lighter than flying boats. Martin alone among the major concerns foresees a great future for the seaplane.

The Mars, 67½ tons of flying boat and the biggest hunk of airplane in the world, is operated by the Navy for heavy long-distance cargo. Martin is making 20 more of these bulky boys for the Navy and insists the type would be practical in post-war commercial freight work.

It is only 41 years ago that Wilbur and Orville Wright on the beach at Kittyhawk, N. C., got a heavier-than-air contraption off the ground for 59 seconds. Now look at the damn thing—it will fly around the world in four days with eight stops!

Amer of Burma

This screwball cameraman clicks his shutter at East Asia's most photogenic figures, but his heart belongs to a U. S. gas station.

By Sgt. DAVE RICHARDSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

NORTHERN BURMA—If there's a zanier screwball in all of China, Burma or India than T-5 Tommy Amer of Los Angeles, Calif., Adm. Lord Louis Mountbatten would like to know who he could be.

So would Ann Sheridan, Jinx Falkenburg, an entire Signal Photographic Company, assorted generals and colonels, and at least two platoons of Chinese infantry.

As a matter of fact, most of these people still don't know just who Amer is supposed to be.

The other day, as Amer waddled his 5-foot-5, 100-pound anatomy around a place named Momaik during the battle for Bhamo, a colonel spotted him.

"What tribe are you a member of, son?" asked the colonel, eyeing his bronzed face, "the Sioux?"

A little while later some Chinese soldiers happened to see the squint-eyed Amer walk by. Taking him for one of their own men in American uniform, they spouted a long Chinese greeting at him.

On another occasion a general patted Amer on the back and declared, "You Japanese-American boys in our Army deserve a lot of credit."

And when some American infantrymen passed him on the trail a couple of weeks ago, they figured from his face and his hodge-podge uniform that he was one of the Kachin hill people of Burma, so they yelled "Ka-ja-ee (hello)" at him.

To all such ignorant characters, Amer throws a stock retort, combining Chinese and Southern greetings, rendered with a Dixie accent.

"Habla how, yo-all!" he replies. This confounds them even more.

According to his service record, Amer is a Chinese-American serving as a still photographer for the U. S. Army Signal Corps. But there are some who wonder if maybe Amer didn't have the clerk who made up his service record fooled, too.

When he was assigned to take pictures of Lord Mountbatten's trip to Myitkyina some months ago he wore his usual green fatigues, a wide-brimmed Gurkha felt hat, two guns, three cameras, flashbulbs sticking out of every pocket and a wide grin. The admiral looked him over with growing astonishment and asked where he came from.

"Los Angeles, Calif., sir," said Amer.

"Well, well," smiled Mountbatten. "I have spent some time in Hollywood, myself. I suppose you used to work as a Hollywood photographer before you joined the Army."

"No, sir," replied Amer. "Only been to Hollywood twice in my life. I handled the gas pump in a service station."

This admission in itself has made Amer unique among GI photographers, for it's the custom in this civilian army, where everybody claims he made at least \$100 a week in civilian life, for any photographer who happens to hail from the West Coast to say with an air of nonchalance and superiority, "Oh, I'm from Hollywood," thus establishing his genius among fellow GIs.

Amer is actually proud that he used to work in a service station and not as a professional photographer. "When I left to join the Army," he says, "I owned one-fifth of the station. But now they write me that I own more of it—one-sixth of it. Geez, I hope this don't mean I'll run into income-tax invasion."

When Jinx Falkenburg and Pat O'Brien came to Burma with a USO troupe, Amer soon had Jinx posing for pin-up cheesecake pictures. Jinx

liked the pictures so well that she told Amer she would get him a good publicity photographer's job, come the Armistice.

"Sorry, ma'am," said Amer, "but I'm going back to the gas pump."

No one seems to know how Amer ever got into Army photography in the first place, except that GI classification often does queer things. But he has picked up photography so fast that his pictures of brass hats and celebrities—which are his specialty—have appeared in newspapers all over the States.

One of these pictures, of Ann Sheridan hugging a veteran of Merrill's Marauders, won Amer a lifelong friend. The ex-Marauder had been so overwhelmed with the chance to meet an honest-to-God screen sweetheart that he hauled out one of his two hard-won Jap flags and edged through a crowd of GIs to give it to her.

Ann was so grateful that she spontaneously threw her arms around the soldier. Amer was changing film nearby at the time, and he saw that the hug would make a whale of a picture. So he asked Ann to repeat the hug and hold it until he could click the shutter.

Ann did it again—for several long minutes as Amer fussed with his flashbulbs and camera adjustments. Finally he flashed the picture.

Afterward the GI came up to Amer and exclaimed: "Gee, that was wonderful. I'll remember that embrace the rest of my life. I don't know how to thank you." Amer knew how—he got the GI's other Jap flag.

Amer loves to needle the brass. Once a staff officer who is in the habit of confronting correspondents and photographers with the words, "I used to be a newspaperman once myself," heard Amer was from Los Angeles and looked him up.

"Did you ever work for a newspaper in L.A.?" the officer asked. "You know, I used to be a reporter on the Times."

"You did, sir?" piped Amer. "I worked for the Times myself, for a while." And just when the officer was about to ask when he worked there and who he knew, Amer added, "Yeah, I used to sell it on the street."

His buddies in the Signal Photographic Company call Amer the Flashbulb King, for he uses flash bulbs as plentifully in taking his pictures as Mae West uses sex to make hers.

Once when he was shooting some pictures in a mess hall, one of his bulbs exploded, showering tiny pieces of glass into half a dozen GIs' mess kits. By that time it was too late for them to get any more chow, so they weren't very happy about the whole thing. The ever-grinning Amer took in the situation, then yelled, "Habla how, yo-all!" and ended the assignment by beating a hasty retreat. For two days afterward he refused to shoot a flash picture.

"I felt just like a pilot after a crack-up," he recalls. "But I finally managed to pull myself together again."

Of course, if any of his pictures are ever out of focus or overexposed or blanks, Amer shrugs



the matter off to his CO with, "What can you expect from a gas-station attendant?"

His picture captions are as remarkable as his personality. For instance, "Well, well, look at that little lamb; it is wearing a Jap battle flag that these boys killed a Jap to get." Or "At this point one sniper gave them more trouble than all the enemy forces. The sniper is no more—we got the bastard." Or "Here is the place we almost got our fanny blown to hell." Or "These American infantrymen walking back for a rest are full of smile and joy."

In his talkative moments, which occur several times every hour, Amer never tires of telling how he snafued a whole division on Tennessee maneuvers, or how a clerk once thought his name Amer was an abbreviation for "American nationality," or how he got a Purple Heart in the Myitkyina battle for a tiny face burn from a shell that burst only 15 yards away.

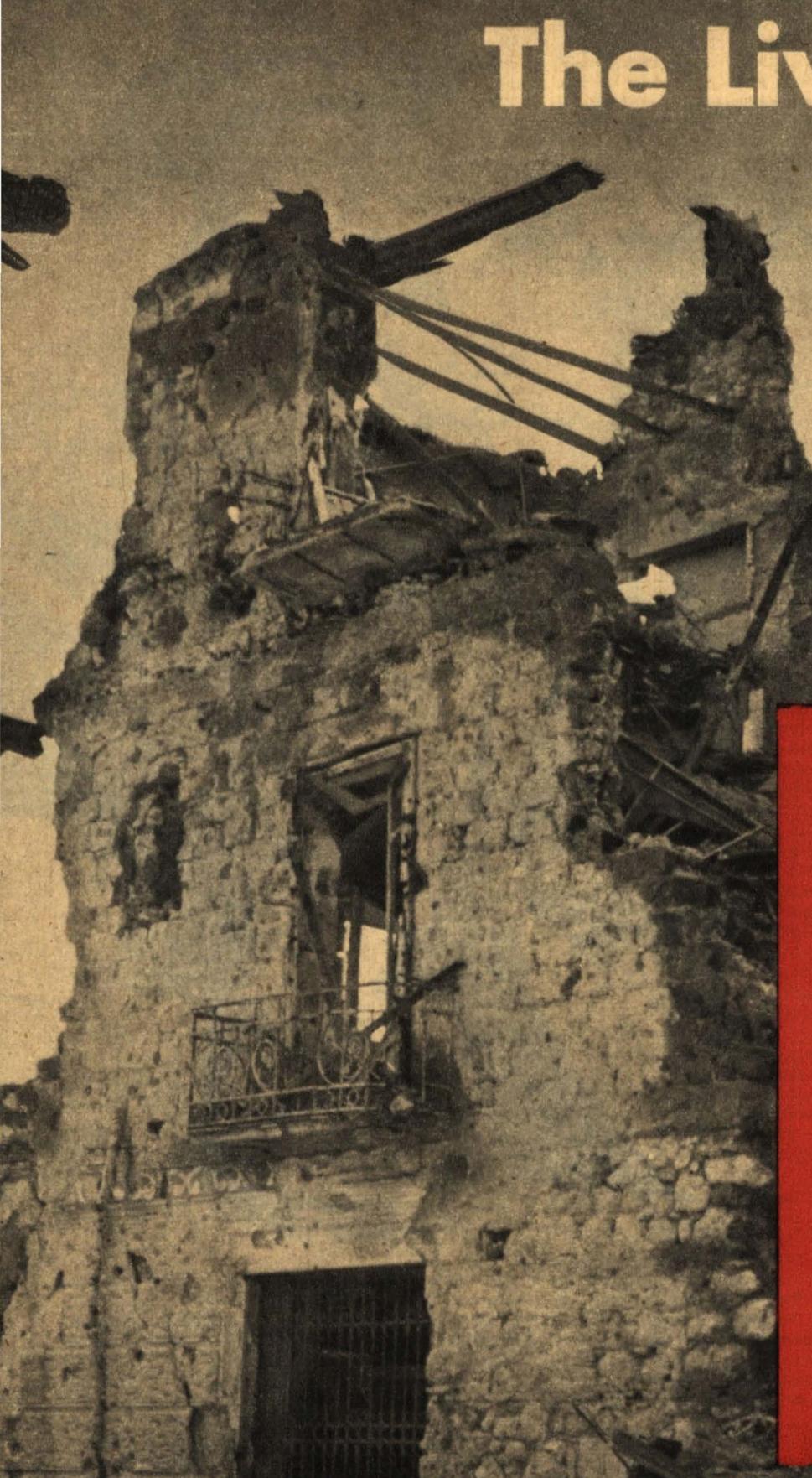
In his spare time, when he's not out in the middle of the Irrawaddy River fishing from an Air Force life raft, Amer studies a War Department booklet entitled, "How To Speak Chinese."

"All the time I'm getting picked up by Chinese MPs for wearing an American uniform," he explains, "and it's always tough to talk my way out of it because I don't talk their kind of Chinese. You see, my folks were born in Canton, which has a language all its own."

At rare intervals, Amer does run across a Chinese soldier who speaks his language. Last week he met a Chinese colonel from Canton. "You say your name is Amer?" asked the colonel. "Ah, yes, I knew the Amers well. You used to be smugglers in Canton, didn't you?"

"That just shows you the troubles I have," moans Amer, fingering a flashbulb. "Even people from Canton."

The Living



Some day they might have more competition, but now this family does very well with a food stand, selling bread and cakes on road.

CASSINO — One Year After

The pictures on these two pages were taken by YANK photographer Pvt. George Aarons a year after the terrible siege of Cassino began in January 1944. They show today's living and yesterday's dead—and the monuments of the present Cassino, the crumpled walls, the stagnant waters in crater lakes and the faint beginning of a rebuilding program.



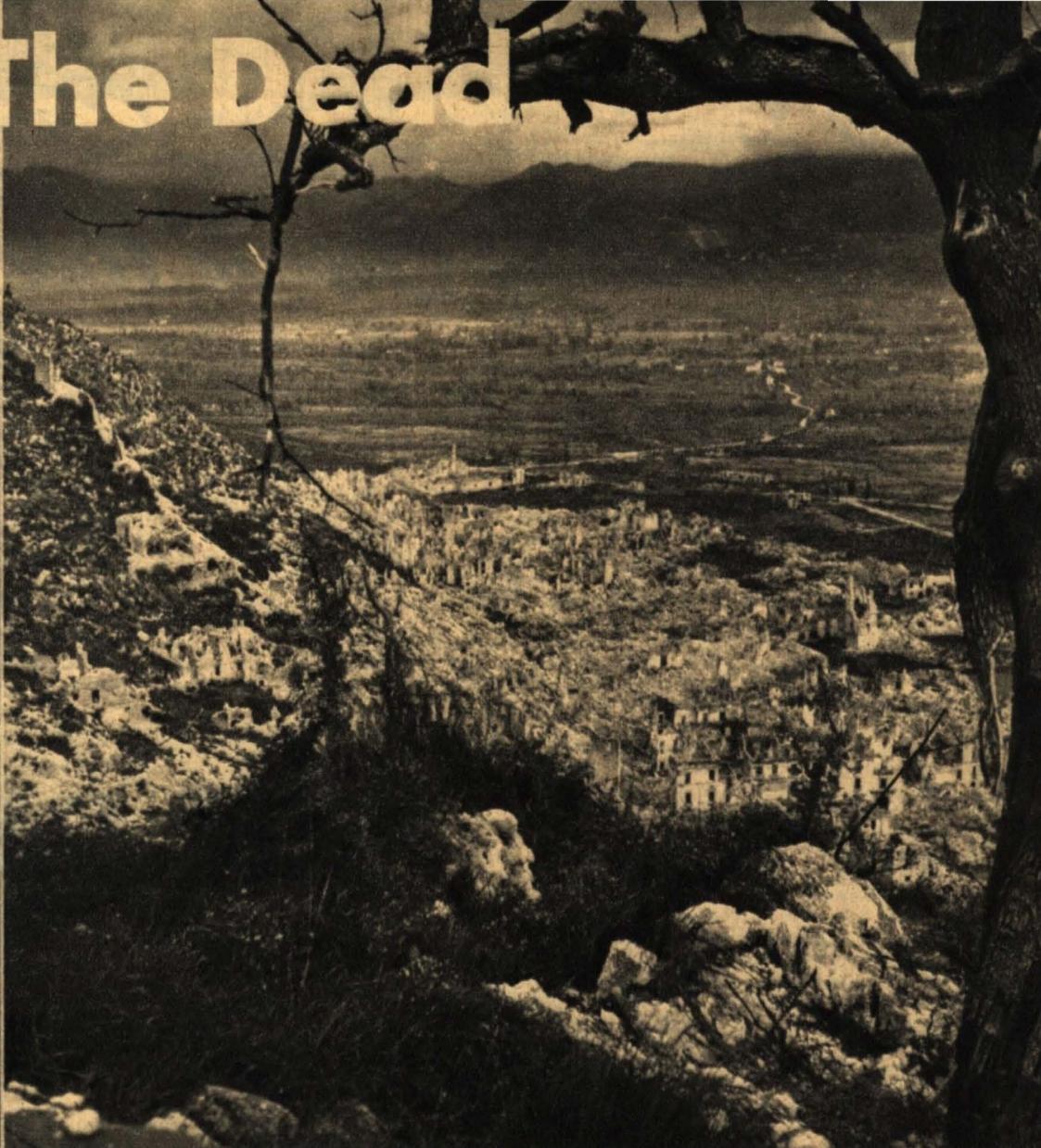
Cassino is uninhabitable, but some old residents, like this barber who has set up on Highway 6, come back for a few hours to do some outdoor business with transients.

A new Cassino has started, 1½ miles northwest of the old one. Italian laborers are working on a group of 150 one-story houses.

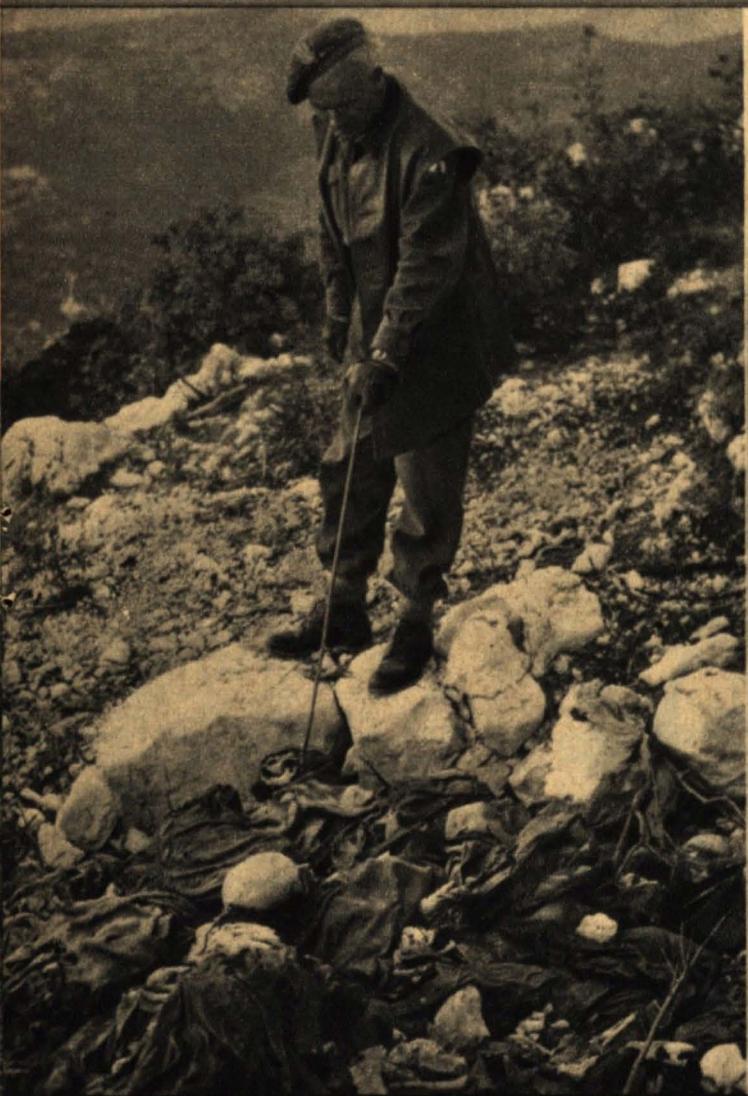
The Dead



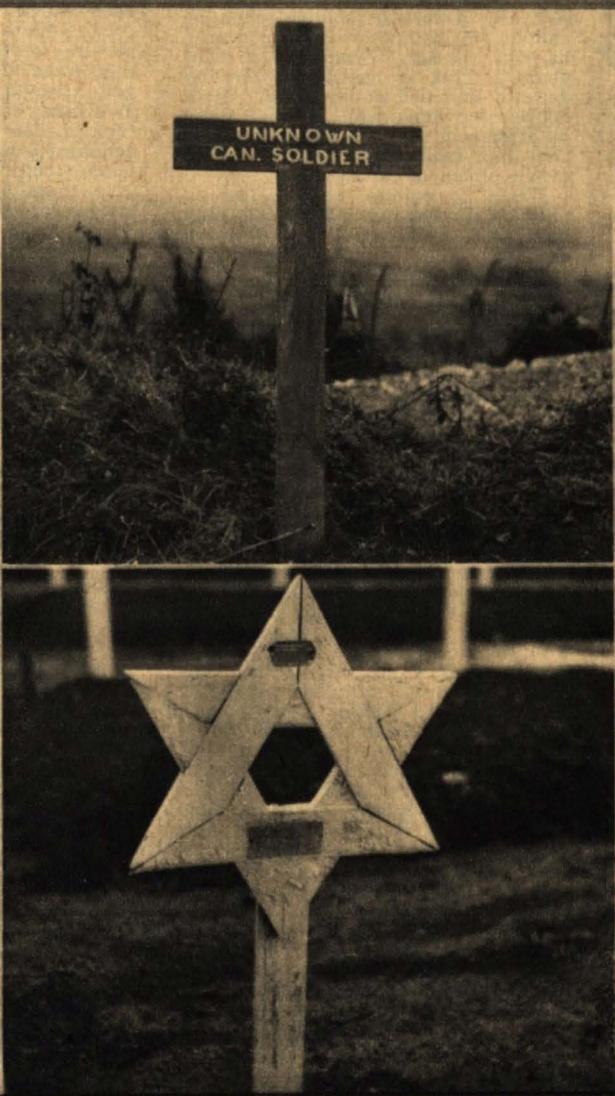
The soldiers who lie under these crosses are English, only one of the many nationalities who fought here.



Halfway down Hangman's Hill a dead tree frames a view of Cassino. On the side of this hill a unit of Gurkhas, supplied by parachutes, held out for 12 days before withdrawing on Mar. 27, 1944.



A Polish captain points at the remains of Germans killed by Poles fighting for Hill 593 behind the town.



Cassino holds crosses for soldiers of many faiths as well as nations. Here are the graves of an unknown Canadian, an Indian Gurkha under a Moslem cross (upper right) and two American GIs.





Advertising Goes to War

Dear YANK:

Not long ago we heard that a popular weekly magazine in the States had printed an advertisement which was described as having a cartoon with "an indelicate and offensive military angle." However, since I have seen the drawing which was called objectionable I am confused. It shows three soldiers (the homefront no longer approves of our calling ourselves GIs) in a lush Pacific jungle, all of them prepared for combat. One gives the order, "We attack at 12:10, take the point at 12:20 and return here for (a popular soft drink) at 12:30."

My chief concern is that this dissatisfaction may result in the total disappearance of poster art with a military angle and rob me of my ties with home and everything that is dear to me.

I submit the following classification of ads which have given me particular pleasure since I have been in uniform:

The first is the "all for our boys" ad which may also be called the "you'll get yours later" layout. I first thrilled to this type of display after I had eaten beans, spam, powdered eggs, and C rations for three weeks and then came upon a picture of myself in one of the popular weeklies. I was in spotless sun-tans, properly tanned, healthy, clean and grinning. I was grinning because I was lugging a bright tray divided into six compartments loaded with a \$1.50 steak, fresh vegetables, crisp salad and ice cream. The thing about these ads that pleases me is not the fantasy and imagination employed but the glamour with which our life is portrayed for those back

home. Uniforms are never dirty and unpressed; the portholes of the combat-bound transport always show a travel-talk horizon and a beautiful woman with flowers around her neck, and up beside the now-still howitzer is a full case of that drink I can't do without. I like to see things like that.

My second type is the "Buckies Wuckies Have Gone To War" dirge. Into this classification fall the full pages which reprint letters from former employees to large business concerns telling how they would have been unable to knock out that third tank without that wonderful lubricant which has been specially designed not to freeze, stain, corrode, or lubricate (oops!). I suggest that these are highly educational and informative subjects and

ing new, water-tight, oilskin-lined, form-fitting and rust-resisting pouch for used razor blades which was made for me by the former makers of outstanding brassieres.

These same copy writers have comforted much of the homefront with pictures of neat, cross-marked graves under which is written "There will be fewer of these if you keep vital information under your (popular brand hat)."

Our third and most exciting type, which has given me endless diversion, is the "what kind of world are you returning to?" design, more vulgarly called "after Roosevelt—What?" These combine a you-too-can-have-a-private-pipe-organ motif with the apology that due to circumstances not under control of the manufacturer the item is only being supplied for the Armed Forces. This last note is stolen from type two. These plastic dreams lead us to believe that no one can live in the post-war world and throw stones. However, some schism in the ranks of copywriters has led to a conflicting and contradictory note. While some of them are suggesting that we will not return to homes which are not scented with the six delicious flavors, others maintain that we want to come back to find things just the way we left them.

I have not included the "my reverie" type for I do not think that it represents the high aim of the craft. This version shows a freckled airman (always at least a captain) in an attitude of prayer, hoping that he will come home to find his favorite milk shake still available at the corner druggist. I have rejected this type because it usually includes the mercenary assurance that he *will* find it.

Unfortunately, most of the magazines available to the Forces overseas are printed without advertisements. I have a distinct sense of insecurity when I think that perhaps men may return from the fighting fronts and foolishly demand to get their news and fiction without that necessary embellishment that makes it all readable—the ads.

France

—T-4 ROSS DONALDSON

MAIL CALL

should not be denied us for their value as combat tips. Why, by the unsolicited testimony of thousands of unprejudiced authorities, battles have been won in 27 countries by spark plugs, shaving cream, condensed milk, chocolate bars and cosmetic tissue. Also by these commercial methods, my wife is happily lulled into thinking that I am issued a spank-



British Demobilization

Dear YANK:

... After reading the British demobilization plan my morale is very low. It seems to me the British have a very good plan. Why do the British show more consideration to their older soldiers than does the U.S. Army? I am for all combat troops being the first ones discharged but after the fall of Germany I think that a lot of men can be discharged so why not at least give us older men point credit for our age?

I took my exam for infantry training last week and failed to pass. Now I am not good enough to get up with the younger men in the Army, what chance will I have in civil life? After all, the younger men are out looking for jobs. I was a class A-1 man when I came in the Army but now I am like a lot of other fellows that have spent from three to five years in this Army—too old, too old.

France

—Sgt. TROY P. CARTER

Dear YANK:

After reading the British demobilization plan in the Jan. 21 issue of your magazine, I am inclined to report that its system is far superior to ours which so far appears to be one tremendous hodge-podge.

If the simplicity of the British system does not take all factors into consideration it does at least include the two constants applicable to all soldiers—age and length of service. The application of these two factors alone makes for speed and directness in the discharge of the soldier, which everyone desires

more than anything else. But our plan is cumbersome and complex. Ask any American soldier when he thinks he will be discharged and he will answer, "From one to four years." This is based not on any definite knowledge but on the exact contrary, a deplorable, shameful and heterogeneously constructed plan that has made him disgusted with every phase of Army life.

When a soldier reads that no matter how many points he may have he may still be declared essential, he wonders just how stupid the Army thinks he is. He is past finding out that no man is absolutely essential. For if any man is really considered essential then everything that has ever been written about soldiers green in combat filling in and fighting like veterans is a complete lie.

France

—T-5 S. GOLDENBERG

Dear YANK:

... YANK carried an article about the British demobilization plan, pointing out that it differs from the American plan in that it gives preference to only two factors, age and length of service. The American plan disregards age and gives credit for campaigns, decorations, wounds and dependent children. Why age does not enter into our plan is difficult for the men affected to understand, that is the men inducted or enlisted when they were about 35 years old and now after two or three years' service are knocking at the doors of 40. To the average soldier now earning point credits, a man of that age represents such a person as his father, a "middle-aged" man.

I would hesitate to say that we should copy the British demobilization plan but it seems logical to assume that if age is one of the prime factors of their plan they have learned to give it the credit it deserves.

France

—NAME WITHHELD

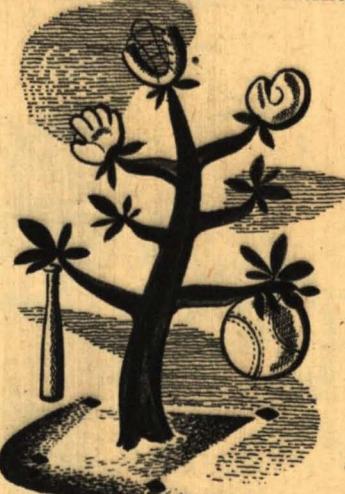
Trees in Brooklyn?

Dear YANK:

... I have just looked through the pictures of Brooklyn that you had this week. If you're a Brooklynite, you should be excommunicated. You must be from the Bronx. If you took a few shots of Brooklyn to acquaint foreigners with what the place looks like, why didn't you give them a true pictorial account instead of giving them shots of the Star burlesque? Why didn't you show them a picture of Loew's Pitkin if you really wanted a shot of a show place? And why not tell them of the really beautiful spots: Ocean Parkway, Shore Road, Manhattan Beach and Sheepshead Bay. Why pick on the parts of Brooklyn that you'd stick a thermometer into if it had a fever to show people? How can I respect what YANK says about other hometowns when you print biased crap about my own hometown. It's guys like you that make people believe there's only one tree in Brooklyn.

France

—Pic. IRVING SHAVELSON



Footborne Cavalry

Dear YANK:

This is a gripe from men who, though traditionally mounted, have been fighting as infantrymen in the jungles of more than one Pacific island. We are cavalrymen, members of the Cavalry Reconnaissance Troop of the American Division. Through almost three years this troop has fought with the Japs, the patrols having penetrated farther into "Nipland" than those of any other unit. But we can't have the Combat Infantryman's Badge.

We started out as a squadron of Cavalry; men were brought in from all other branches. Some were from Infantry units, others from the Artillery and still others were Combat Engineers. These men, veterans of Guadalcanal and Bougainville, were awarded the privilege of wearing the badge, with the reservation that they received no money with it. Normally it means \$10 a month extra pay.

The pay would have amounted to \$140 by now, and to GIs that's a lot of cash.

Another thing, the Infantry raises its platoon sergeants to technical sergeants, squad leaders to staff sergeants and assistant squad leaders to sergeants. The troopers of the Recon Troop have not come under that ruling either. We still have staff sergeants for platoon sergeants and corporals for squad leaders.

Can't something be done to give recognition to the Cavalry when it works so closely with the Infantry?

Bougainville

—T-5 EDWARD T. BECHER

Also signed by 12 others.

Battle Stars

Dear YANK:

A committee of officers went to the commanding officer of this sector for the issuing of Battle Stars to the GIs. The Commanding Officer



replied, "This is a Com Z, not a combat area." My outfit has been in constant danger with V-1s, V-2s and enemy air attacks causing death and injuries to many GIs. Just think, civilian workers receive a 30 percent bonus of their weekly wages for enemy hostilities yet a GI can't even get a Battle Star for extra points to aid him for demobilization.

Belgium —Cpl. ALPHONSE A. ESPOSITO

Also signed by six others.

III-Informed

Dear YANK:

... I read with grave concern Jack Belden's statement in *Time*, Sept. 25, 1944, "Our men do not believe they are fighting for anything. Not one in a hundred has any deep-seated political beliefs." Belden, who is a *Time* and *Life* war correspondent, presents his opinions of the GI after seven years contact on the battle fronts.

I believe him to be right. After 16 months overseas we have yet to spend one hour in discussion, lecture or organized bull session with someone informed on the Nazi political plan. Who should be better informed on who, what and why we fight than we?

The Nazi prisoners seem to be well informed about their beliefs as well as what the German command wants them to think about us. Why aren't we better informed on the Nazi Totalitarian War we are fighting? Isn't the best of our manpower, mental as well as physical, in the Army?

Holland —T-5 DONOVAN E. NADEN

Freedom of Religion

Dear YANK:

What is the deal on an EM's freedom of religion in the Army? Every post I have been stationed at seemed to insist that all soldiers be classified as either Catholic, Protestant or Jewish, in spite of the fact some EM wanted it put on their record that they either had "no preference" or were outright atheists.

One soldier was informed by his CO that if he persisted in a desire to have "atheist" placed on all of his GI records, he could never hope for a rating beyond Pfc., for a chance at OCS or for any favors usually the lot of EM who followed Army life according to regulations. Furthermore, this particular soldier was threatened with a dishonorable discharge for his tenacious insistence that he was an atheist and not a Catholic or Protestant.

Recently I had to be hospitalized, and when they asked me what religion, I stated: "No preference." My records were marked Protestant. It seems to me that in our insistence on the Four Freedoms abroad, we should be equally vigilant to protect them at home. What's the deal?

Kearns, Utah —NAME WITHHELD

Brickbats

Dear YANK:

We have been more or less constant readers of YANK due mainly to the availability of the magazine and the scarcity of others. As we go into our third year overseas, however, and life becomes drearier, our need for fresh outlook and vigorous treatment becomes sharper. When we look into our Army publications for these highly prized things, we look in vain. They seem to be written solely for those astronomically removed from the battle lines so that the "news" printed appears in the light of revelation and expose. For

us, however, YANK—although wondrous with possibilities—has nothing to offer. *Mail Call* is the same old yowling; the articles bear the same old belabored prose; and even the pin-up girls, while quite tantalizing, are a retch in the heart, like showing souls in hell glimpses of paradise.

What YANK obviously needs is rejuvenation. It has become fossilized. We suggest that you solicit articles from the millions of soldiers here (the possibilities are limitless) instead of having your hacks rack their threadbare experience for more of the same dreary palaver.

Germany

—Cpl. SIDNEY P. MOSS
(YANK does now and always has accepted articles from soldiers in the field and not on its staff—Ed.)

Dear YANK:

In your 21 Jan. 1945 issue I noticed that Capts. Koessler and Holland find that we are "immersed in a stuflifying miasma of straight military reporting with a few cartoons and a bit of sports and sex tossed in."

All I can say is... Dear citizen Captain Koessler, I ain't such a mental wrestler. I can get through YANK In spite of my rank, But my trouble Is now double And they are multiplying When you say stuflifying.

Captain Holland who also signed Should be convicted and fined For slurring the Dodgers Or Miss Ginger Rogers, For being so gullible With so many sullibles. So let's stop any words like miasma, Oh miasma, my aching miasma!

France —Pvt. E. M. KAUFMAN
Also signed by seven others.

Takes Guts

Dear YANK:

We are sick and tired hearing GIs and Wacs going around and calling us paratroopers "over-paid killers." Of course they may have been misinformed for making such a statement, but weigh the fact that there is good and bad in every outfit. In our opinion we are real soldiers, proud of our organization, and proud to proclaim it, and are not looking for a soft touch.

Just remember all it takes to be a paratrooper is guts. Pride and ability naturally come next. Become one yourself and you'll see. You'll be in the thick of the fight first, destroying your enemy for what you believe is right. No surrender. No retreat. That's guts and we are proud. A criminal record is not required.

Belgium —Cpl. BOB FELIZ
Also signed by Sgt. Earl G. Hickman.

Can Openers

Dear YANK:

Here is a suggestion that I hope isn't taken the wrong way. If the brewing companies would drop an opener in every case of beer which is sent overseas, it would be appreciated very much. It would also stop a hell of a lot of waste and profanity.

India —Sgt. ED G. GENTRY



Combat Uniforms Again

Dear YANK:

... The combat uniform suggested by T-3 Henry Gutierrez in *Mail Call*, 28 Jan. 45, seems like a swell idea and we are heartily in back of this promotion. We are in the same boat as the sergeant and feel that combat soldiers should have some distinction. Nothing would be better than to go strolling down the avenue in a spic and span uniform, distinctly that of a real fighting man.

As it is, after this war is over the lucky ones who do reach the States first will have to take a back seat for a while as their brothers-in-arms who have spent all their Army life in the States have well pressed suits and a fine polish on their shoes.

If this proposed uniform can get the approval of all the big-shots, once we do have the privilege of doing our own strolling, they will have to take a back seat for us. And under their breath we know they'll be muttering, "Well, I guess they deserve some credit."

Germany —T/5gt. LEWIS N. HOSIER

Also signed by four others.

Dear YANK:

... The idea is stupid. You don't need special uniforms to show your family and friends you have been overseas. They know that and be-



sides you always have your ribbons. We are ready to go home wearing a barracks bag.

Belgium —Pvt. L. C. SMITH

Also signed by Pvt. U. C. Thompson.

Dear YANK:

... If everyone in this man's Army is going to wear paratroop boots, what have we paratroopers got left to be proud of?

France —Pvt. JOE G. STRINI

Suggestion

Dear YANK:

Before I go any further I want you to know that this is merely a suggestion. A few days ago a friend of mine received a letter from his wife informing him that he had become a proud daddy. Two days later he got a telegram telling him the same thing and it was sent two days before the letter. Being a radio man myself, I know that a telegram certainly is a faster means of conveying a message than a letter. Evidently there is a lack of efficiency somewhere along the line.

Now here is my suggestion. I know for a fact that there are plenty of good 300- and 500-watt transmitters that are just lying around getting rusty, and there are also some darn good radio operators who are doing things like laying wire and digging latrines. How about getting some of these unused transmitters and some of these misplaced radio operators, rig some good antennas somewhere in England and get a 24-hour radio service between here and the States for things like deaths, illnesses, births, etc.? I'm sure every GI who has received a 10-day-old telegram will appreciate a service like this.

France —Sgt. H. FORMAN

The COVER

Bonifacio Borghini, a Benedictine monk of the Abbey of Montecassino, walks toward the Abbey's entrance at the old northwest corner. Fra Borghini, with several other monks of the Order, lives in rooms of former Abbey Collegium and is working to restore, as much as possible, thousands of manuscripts that once belonged to the Abbey's four celebrated libraries. More Cassino pictures will be found on pages 12 & 13.

PHOTO CREDITS: Cover—Pvt. George Aarons. 4—USSTAF, 5—Upper, OWI; lower, Sgt. Rudolph Sanford. 6 & 7 Signal Corps. 10—Sgt. John Franco. 11—S/Sgt. Warren A. Boecklen. 12 & 13—Pvt. Aarons. 16—Columbia Pictures. 17—Upper left, PA; middle left, AP; lower left, PA; rest, Acme. 19—Signal Corps. 20—Ehrenberg Picture Features. 21—Michael Levele. 22—Upper left, Acme; upper right, INP; center, PA; lower left and right, Acme. 23—Upper, PA; lower, U.S. Navy.



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San Francisco started polishing up for an international get-together; a spy admitted he had a fair trial; a co-ed wrote a hot editorial, and many people buttoned up their overcoats.

A wave of optimism flowed over the U.S. It was optimism not about military prospects but about the chances of achieving a durable peace once victory is won. The Crimea conference of the Big Three was responsible. Before that conference many seemed to fear that the Allies, while sure to win the war, might lose the peace and that the peace in any case might be harder to win than the war. Now, although there were some who did not share the optimism, public opinion seemed to be that the outlook for a post-war era of international good feeling was stronger than ever before.

United Nations Meeting

In war-crowded San Francisco, the nation's 12th city (peacetime population 635,000), civic and military authorities met to lay plans for the April 25 meeting of the United Nations. For San Francisco, playing host to the meeting which representatives of most if not all of the 37 United Nations expected to attend seemed both an honor and a chore. The chore was finding space to house the delegates and obtain a suitable conference hall. The honor lay in being the scene of the most important international gathering ever held in the U.S.

Inter-government meetings of great importance have been held in the States before. One such meeting was the Washington Naval Conference of 1921. During this war the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration was set up in Atlantic City, N.J., and a preliminary world security organization was formed at Dumbarton Oaks in the capital. But the purpose of the San Francisco meeting goes far beyond that of the past international conferences held in the U.S. The San Francisco meeting is charged with drawing up a charter for a general international organization to maintain peace and security.

San Francisco, it seemed, was to play the role that Paris and Versailles played in the last war in the establishment of the League of Nations. The San Francisco conference was agreed upon at the meeting of President Roosevelt, Prime Minister Churchill and Marshal Stalin in the summer palace of the last Czar of Russia, at Yalta, on the Crimean shores of the Black Sea.

Much of the U.S. press took the view that the Yalta conference marked a new high in Soviet-British-American relations, exceeding in cordiality and achievements even the first Big Three conference at Teheran in 1943. Some commentators—mainly those identified with the "isolationist" point of view—were not so enthusiastic but most observers of the press and radio appeared to feel that the conferees had assured military cooperation to end the war with Germany and had at least laid the foundations for diplomatic cooperation to keep the peace. This also seemed the opinion of members of the House and Senate, although there were dissenters.

One of the first U.S. public figures to express a hopeful view was Herbert Hoover, the only living former U.S. President, who declared that the Allied Yalta agreement had achieved a "strong foundation" for post-war reconstruction and added: "If the agreements, promises and ideals which are expressed shall be carried out, it will open a great hope to the world."

A main criticism of the Crimea conference concerned the decision reached on Poland, which will extend less far to the east than it did between the end of the first World War and the outbreak of this one. Some observers and public figures declared that the old Polish-Russian boundary dispute had not been handled in a democratic manner. Other American commentators, however, heralded the settlement as "fair" and "realistic."

It appeared that a majority of observers also approved the decisions to occupy Germany after the war, to set up a reparations commission in Moscow, and to cooperate in the establishment of democratic governments in all of liberated Europe. This last decision, some thought, might prevent future disagreements such as arose over Greece this winter.

Of the 13 Americans who accompanied the President to Yalta—the American delegation, incidentally, was the largest of the three—the first to return home were Adm. Ernest J.

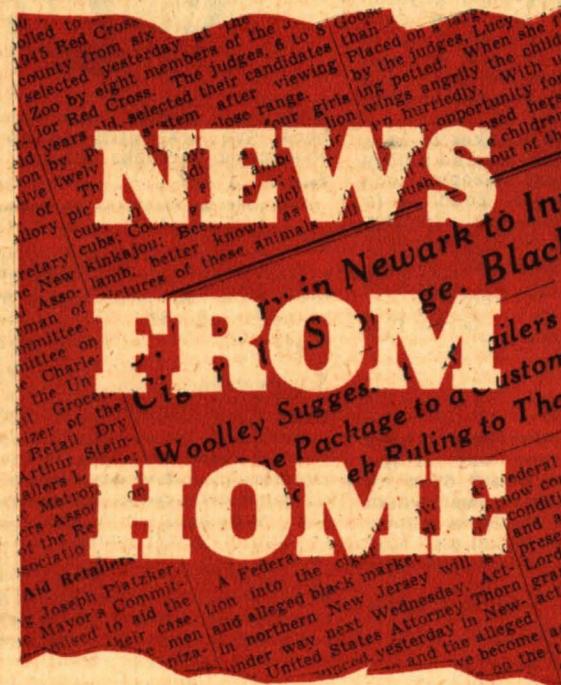
King and War Mobilizer James F. Byrnes. It was from the former Supreme Court Justice that the homefront got its first first-hand account of the conference. Byrnes told the press: "If Hitler had relied for success on a division among the powers represented at the conference, he is doomed as never before, because I was tremendously impressed by the comradeship and genuine affection shown by the three leaders."

This feeling that Hitler's last chance of disunity saving his and other Nazis' skins had been shattered by the conference, was probably the most popular subject of U.S. editorial comment.

The President himself, it was indicated, would broadcast to the nation or address Congress in person on the results of the conference when he returned. Byrnes implied that the President would have nothing to say about Russian relations with Japan—a topic that was stirring all sorts of speculation in the U.S.—for the simple reason that Japan was not discussed at the conference. Nonetheless a few observers seemed to feel that chances of Russia's entering the war against her traditional Japanese enemy had grown bright. Hanson Baldwin, military analyst of the N.Y. Times, declared: "It now seems certain that Russia will enter the Pacific war, though almost certainly not until after the final defeat of Germany."

One popular reason for the feeling that Russia might be a future ally against Japan was the fact that San Francisco, a Pacific port, had been chosen for the United Nations meeting, and that the date—April 25—was the last on which Russia could denounce her non-aggression pact with the Japanese if she doesn't want it to continue indefinitely. Byrnes pooh-poohed the idea that the date and place of the forthcoming meeting had anything whatever to do with the Pacific war.

Many commentators felt that the date of the



European war's end had been advanced by the agreements reached at Yalta and they pointed to the bombing of Eastern Front targets by the British and American air forces as a sign of closer Allied military cooperation in the European war's "final phase." Hanson Baldwin summed up current guesses about prospects for peace in Europe by saying: "The earliest date is April. The moderates guess June or July. Others look toward the fall. The truth, of course, is that nobody knows...."

In general, however, Americans appeared more interested in what the conference had done regarding the future peace than in what it had done about the conduct of the European war. The feeling that prospects for a sound peace had grown as a result of the conference seemed further strengthened when the White House announced the names of the American delegates to the San Francisco meeting:



Adele Jergens used to be the strip-tease understudy for Gypsy Rose Lee, but now, as anyone can see above, she's making a career by herself. This is the way she looks in the new movie "Together Again."

Comdr. Harold E. Stassen, former Republican governor of Minnesota; Sen. Arthur H. Vandenberg (Rep., Mich.), a member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee; Rep. Sol Bloom (Dem., N.Y.), chairman of the House Foreign Affairs Committee; Rep. Eaton (Rep., N.J.), member of the House Foreign Affairs Committee; Dean Virginia Gildersleeve of Barnard College in New York City, the only woman delegate, not closely identified with any political party; former Secretary of State Cordell Hull; Secretary of State Edward R. Stettinius, who will be chairman of the delegation, and Sen. Tom Connally (Dem., Tex.), chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee.

Political observers were of the opinion that the President had been at pains to indicate that he regarded the problems of the future peace as above party politics, and that he wished to avoid the line followed by President Woodrow Wilson, who had not included prominent Republicans among the advisors he took with him to Paris at the end of the first World War.

Observers also noted that, whereas the last time top Allied leaders did not see one another until the war's end, Allied leaders and their major advisors have held a series of meetings not only to discuss the conduct of the war but also to plan the peace. Whether this careful planning would ensure a more stable peace than that after the first World War was a question that the future alone could answer. But most Americans felt that if civilization lost the peace this time, it would not be because



PHOENIX, ARIZ. After a nearby crossing collision this automobile was dragged 225 feet under a railroad flat, but the driver, H. W. Graham, escaped with a cut hand. His passenger was unhurt.



BEAR MOUNTAIN, N.Y. Repeating last year's triumph, Merrill Barber of Brattleboro, Vt., former national four-event champion, won the annual ski jump in the meet at Bear Mountain.



HOLLYWOOD. Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker, center, talks over the forthcoming movie of his life with Fred MacMurray, who plays the role of the World War I ace, and actress Lynn Bari.



BOSTON, MASS. Almost completely covered with a thick coating of ice, the fishing trawler, "Brookline," looks like a real ghost ship as it pulls into a fish pier in Boston just in time to catch a cold spell.



SAN FRANCISCO. Just back from 38 months in the Pacific, Chief Machinist's Mate George Huffman finds his San Francisco apartment crowded with in-laws. Here's Chief Huffman and five sisters-in-law.



NEW YORK CITY. Sculptress Ellen Kaufman, who makes mannikins for window displays, fashioned this three-dimensional pin-up of herself for her husband, somewhere in Europe. The idea is now a business.

of the failure of the Allied leaders to look ahead in the field of international planning. The President took the step of sending to Congress an appeal for the passage of legislation authorizing American participation in an international monetary fund and an international bank for reconstruction and development. The fund and the bank had been called for at the Bretton Woods (N.H.) conference of the United Nations last summer. The President declared in a message that a peaceful and prosperous fund could be obtained "only if solutions are found to the difficult economic problems we face today." The President conceded the stabilization fund proposal probably had its defects but suggested that experience would permit necessary improvements to be made.

Spy Trial

For the second time since the U.S. was drawn into the war a spy trial took place back home. Both times the alleged spies came from Nazi Germany. Both times the verdict of a secret military commission was guilty as charged.

The first trial was held in the summer of 1942 in the District of Columbia after eight Nazi saboteurs were landed by submarines on the coasts of New York and Florida. The second trial was held on Governor's Island, N.Y., after a Nazi sub landed two men on the coast of Maine. One of the pair was a native German, Erich Gimpel. The other, William Curtis Colepaugh, was a native Ameri-

can. Colepaugh didn't play the traitor's role to much effect. The FBI had word that the two men were on their way. They remained at liberty only a short time during which, so far as the public knew, they accomplished nothing.

Although the trial was secret, the commission issued two daily communiques giving the gist of the evidence. The public gathered that Gimpel didn't think much of Colepaugh. The commission branded Colepaugh's defense as a "brazen" effort to make charges against him appear "all a mistake." Gimpel seems to have been more candid and when the verdict was handed down he asked permission to say that he considered the eight-day trial fair and impartial. Neither man showed emotion when the sentence was announced.

The principal charge against the men was breaking the 82d Article of War which says that "any person who in time of war shall be found lurking or acting as a spy in or about any fortifications, posts, quarters or encampments of the armies of the U.S., or elsewhere, shall be tried by a general court martial or by a military commission and shall on conviction thereof suffer death."

If the commission's verdict is upheld by higher authority, the two men will hang. Electrocution was the fate of six of the eight saboteurs caught in 1942. The other two drew long prison terms after testifying against their comrades. Judging by the evidence produced at both trials, spies, like thieves, have a way of falling out. And the effectiveness of the two

lots of German spies didn't appear much higher than their sense of loyalty.

Campus Rumpus

The war has changed the character of many American colleges. The men who would normally be the students are in uniform and unless sent to college for specialized training by the Army and Navy find themselves a long way from academic halls and gymnasiums. Many of the younger faculty members are also in the Armed Forces. The normal college atmosphere has gone and so has the kind of news that colleges usually make in peacetime.

In quiet, old Williamsburg, Va., however, a story that seemed somewhat more typical of the peacetime than the wartime college gave the nation something to talk about. The issue was the publication of a college weekly. A 22-year-old coed named Marilyn Kaemmerle of Jackson, Mich., raised the rumpus. For the college weekly—"The Flat Hat"—Miss Kaemmerle wrote a long editorial on racial relations. In part, she said, "Negroes should be recognized as equals in our minds and hearts. For us this means that Negroes should attend William and Mary; they should go to our classes, participate in college functions, join the same clubs, be our roommates . . . and marry among us."

College authorities halted distribution of the issue of the "Flat Hat" containing the editorial. The college, which numbers three U.S. Presidents—Jefferson, Monroe and Tyler—among its graduates and which gave George Washington his first surveyor's license, was thrown in an uproar. The little southern town of Williamsburg, a shrine of colonial America since its restoration by John D. Rockefeller Jr., was also stirred. Soon the whole country knew about Miss Kaemmerle and her editorial.

Her fellow students at a mass meeting took Miss Kaemmerle's part. Many of them said they didn't agree with her editorial but the majority adopted a resolution saying they agreed less with what they called censorship by college authorities. Like many undergraduates before them they said in their resolution that they felt they should have "freedom of the press."

College authorities said they didn't propose censorship but considered supervision of the weekly essential and gave students the choice of accepting supervision or of going without a weekly paper. The students voted to suspend the "Flat Hat."

Miss Kaemmerle didn't attend the mass meeting nor would she make any comment for the press. She'd "rather forget the whole thing," she said.

Names in the News

It was Brig. Gen. Elliott Roosevelt after the Senate confirmed the promotion of the President's second son. The confirmation had been held up until the Senate sub-committee could investigate the transcontinental air shipment of the former colonel's dog on an A-1 priority. Roosevelt's confirmation was approved by a big majority of Senators. . . . Donald M. Nelson, former head of the War Production Board and now a Presidential representative with cabinet rank, married Mrs. Marguerite S. Colbourne, winner of a George Washington University beauty contest in 1939. Mrs. Nelson, a widow, is 26. Her husband, divorced from his first wife a few weeks ago, is 56. Justice Thurman Arnold of the Federal Court of Appeals performed the ceremony in Washington. . . . Adm. Thomas C. Hart, commander of the Asiatic Fleet at the time of Pearl Harbor, became Sen. Hart of Connecticut, following his appointment by Gov. Raymond E. Baldwin to fill out the unexpired term of the late Sen. Francis Maloney. Admiral Hart, who saw active duty in the Spanish-American war and both world wars and has recently been a member of the Navy's general board, will sit on the GOP side of the Senate. His appointment brings the number of Senate Republicans to 39. The Democrats number 56. Progressives one. The newest Republican Senator said he is in favor of an international security organization and of post-war military training. . . . Jack C. Breeden of Falls Church, Va., became the nation's first veteran to obtain a business loan under the "GI Bill of Rights." He got a loan of \$3,000, 50 percent of it guaranteed by the Veteran's Administration, to start a wholesale meat business. The press, noting that meat is one of the country's scarce items, smilingly called Breeden an optimist. . . . Maureen O'Sullivan, long the "Mrs.

Regular Army

Any enlisted man of the Regular Army who holds a temporary commission in the AUS is entitled to return to his permanent Regular Army grade if he reenlists within six months after leaving the service. Any enlisted man of the RA who was upped to warrant officer in the AUS may get back his permanent grade if he reenlists 1) within six months if he is over 38 or 2) within 15 days if he is under 38. RA men who held specialist ratings will be reenlisted in the grades indicated in the following conversion table [AR 600-750, C 10; 10 Jan. 1945].

Old grade and rating	Reenlistment grade
Pfc. specialist first class	Technician fourth grade
Private, specialist first class	Technician fourth grade
Pfc. specialist second class	Technician fourth grade
Private, specialist second class	Technician fourth grade
Pfc. specialist third class	Technician fourth grade
Private, specialist third class	Technician fifth grade
Pfc. specialist fourth class	Technician fifth grade
Private, specialist fourth class	Technician fifth grade
Pfc. specialist fifth class	Private first class
Private, specialist fifth class	Private first class
Pfc. specialist sixth class	Private
Private, specialist sixth class	Private

"Tarzan" in the film series starring Johnnie Weismuller, became the mother of an eight-pound daughter. Miss O'Sullivan, Mrs. John Farrow in private life, is the mother of two other children, Michael, five, and Patrick, two. . . . The sentence imposed on Pvt. Henry Weber, 25, for refusal to train has been cut again. At first he was sentenced to hang, then to life imprisonment. The third sentence calls for five years at hard labor. Sen. Burton K. Wheeler (Dem., Mont.) called the five-year sentence "rather severe." Weber, a member of the Socialist Labor Party, said he was opposed to war and refused to drill. He's been quoted as saying he sought a non-combatant assignment. Gen. Myron G. Cramer, Judge Advocate General, declared, "In time of war the deliberate disobedience of an officer cannot be justified." . . . Rep. James G. Fulton (Rep., Pa.) suggested sending the wives of fighting men overseas to be with them in all but combat areas. Rep.

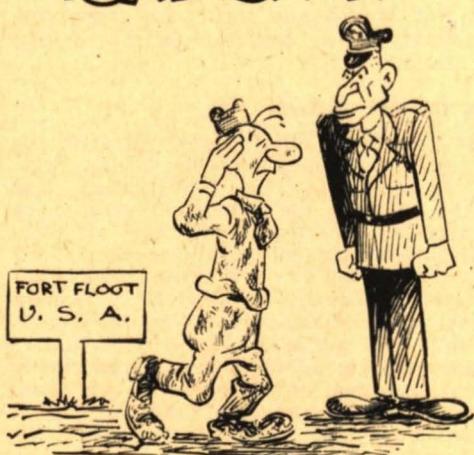
Fulton said, "Instead of taking a man from overseas and sending him home for a 30-day furlough and then sending him back again overseas, why not let his wife make a one-way trip? I don't see why my idea wouldn't work. I know it would be a great morale builder." . . . An alleged draft evader, arrested by Rangers in the Clearwater National Forest for failure to carry a Selective Service card and to register for the draft, told the FBI in Idaho, "I went in the forest right after Roosevelt was first elected and I haven't been out since." . . . Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt told a press conference that "the women of this country don't want a National Service Act and you know this as well as I do. The minute women out over the country want it we'll have it." The reason for women's opposition, she said, was that "the war's not on our doorstep."

In Brief

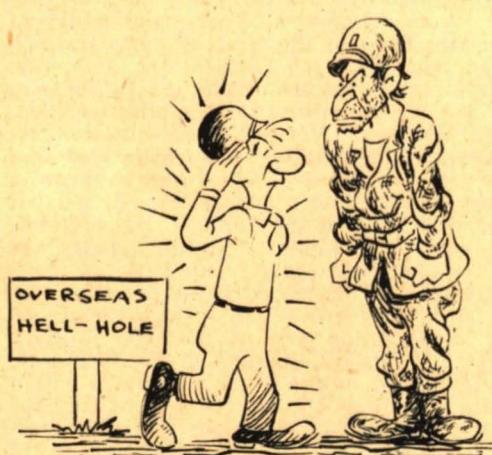
A winter of nasty weather was drawing to a slow close in the U.S. New England, which like the northeast in general had a particularly bad time of it, dug out of a snowstorm that piled up 14 inches of snow in the Boston area and claimed more than a score of victims. The West Coast was getting over the effects of high winds that struck hard around San Francisco. A tornado ripped through Alabama and Mississippi, leaving a trail of 41 dead and 200 injured. Montgomery, Alabama's capital and site of two Army air bases, was hardest hit by the tornado, which struck with such force that railroad cars snapped off their undercarriages and piled up crazily along the roadbeds. Maxwell Field's huge barracks were thrown open to the homeless. . . . The House of Representatives was in a quandary. Should the women members of the House, nine in all, be addressed as "Ladies," "Gentlemen," or "Gentlewomen?" Rep. John Rankin (Dem., Miss.) raised the ticklish point. Rep. John W. McCormack (Rep., Mass.) commented: "The gentleman from Mississippi has raised a very important point. . . . It should furnish wholesome relaxation through the country." . . . The War Food Administration ordered manufacturers to reduce production of soap for civilian use. Production for military use and relief distribution overseas will be increased. . . . Stainless steel hosiery may compete with nylons

after the war, Walter Tower, president of the American Iron and Steel Institute, declared in New York City. The steel industry also plans to produce colored steel that will reduce the cost of paint jobs on automobiles, Tower said. . . . The fate of 1945 baseball was still in the balance. Baseball moguls said it was up to federal authorities to decide whether baseball teams were essential enough to deserve railroad trips for long road trips. Some quarters have suggested that baseball be placed on a strictly sectional basis to eliminate north-south and east-west trips. Other major baseball news was the resignation of Bob Quinn as president of the Boston Braves on his 75th birthday. He will attend to the development of the National League farm system, with his son John succeeding him as general manager. . . . The American Theater Wing, encouraged by the success of Katharine Cornell's tour with "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" in France and Italy, laid plans to send another play overseas immediately under USO-Camp Shows auspices. The play will be "Harvey," current hit about the life and times of a six-foot unseen rabbit. Miss Cornell, just back from the Continent, told the press that the line that drew the wildest applause in "The Barretts" was: "I'd be more than willing, if necessary, to give up soldiering and take to some money-making business." Miss Cornell recalled that this line had never amused civilian audiences. The Cornell company, which included Brian Aherne, also of the movies, played in Paris as well as in Southern France. It was one of the most popular plays in the Cornell repertoire and played all over the U.S. several years ago. . . . In Lehighton, Pa., Mrs. Elsie McFarland sadly took her 18-year-old son Marcus Smith to the draft board to register. Her other eight sons were already in the armed forces. Seven are overseas, one missing, another in the hospital. Her neighbors have started a campaign to get Marcus deferred on the grounds the family has already done its share. . . . Caught in a blinding snowstorm while far from home, Mrs. Jack Cook, 81, spent the entire night walking round and round a fence post to keep from freezing. When a physician reported she had suffered no ill effects except slight frostbite of the feet, Mrs. Cook observed: "You just can't kill good people."

THE SAD SACK



DOUBLE TROUBLE #3



Sgt. George Baker

GI Questions from GIs



SINCE the passage last summer of the GI Bill of Rights (Servicemen's Readjustment Act of 1944) YANK has been flooded with mail from GIs seeking information about the benefits the law gives them. Until very recently, it wasn't possible to answer some of the questions because the regulations covering many phases of the law hadn't been issued by the Veterans' Administration. Now, however, all parts of the law have been cleared up, and here are the answers to the types of questions most frequently raised by YANK readers.

General

I hear tell that only those GIs who have more than two years of service under their belts can get in on the benefits of the GI Bill of Rights. Is that correct?

■ No, it is not. In order to qualify for any of the benefits of the GI Bill of Rights, you need only 90 days of service. In fact, if you are discharged for a service-connected disability, you do not even have to meet this requirement of the law.

I was court-martialed for being AWOL for seven days and got three months in the guardhouse. Now I am told that my court-martial record will get me a blue (without honor) discharge when I get out of the Army. Does that mean I cannot get in on the benefits of the GI Bill of Rights?

■ It does not. Even if you should get a blue discharge, you will be eligible for the benefits of the law. Only those who receive dishonorable (yellow) discharges are out of luck under the GI Bill of Rights.

Education

I have read a number of articles about the free schooling granted under the GI Bill of Rights and I must admit I am completely confused. One writer says that men over 25 are not eligible for the free schooling, while another says all GIs regardless of their age can get at least one year of free schooling. Who is right?

■ The one who states that all GIs can get at least one full year of free schooling is correct. Only GIs who do not meet the 90-day qualifying provision or who are dishonorably discharged are out of luck on the free schooling.

I was just 19 when I was inducted and have now been in service three years. How much free schooling am I entitled to?

■ You are entitled to a full four-year course of study at Government expense. You get one year of school by meeting

the 90-day-service qualification and in addition, because you were under 25 when you joined up, you get added periods of free schooling measured by your length of service. The Veterans' Administration has ruled that for each month of service a GI can get a calendar month of schooling. Since the average school year is made up of nine calendar months, 27 months of service will get you three years of schooling. That, plus the one year previously mentioned, gives you a total of four years of schooling. Since four years is the maximum, the rest of your service time does not count toward free schooling.

I own a farm, and when I get out of service I'd like to take advantage of both the educational and the farm-loan provisions of the GI Bill of Rights. Will I be permitted to go to school and borrow money for new equipment for the farm?

■ You probably will. A veteran may take advantage of more than one provision of the GI Bill of Rights at a time. If you can convince your bank that you can attend school and run your farm at the same time, you should have no trouble swinging the loan to buy the new equipment.

I have a wife and three children. When I get out, I'd like to take advantage of the free schooling. How much will I receive for subsistence while attending school?

■ You will get \$75 a month while attending school. Every GI who attends school full time will get \$50 a month. Those with dependents get \$25 a month in addition. The number of dependents doesn't matter, since the maximum amount paid is \$75.

Before I entered the Army I was studying advertising. Now that I am older, I can see that this was a mistake and that I am best fitted for research in chemistry. Can I switch over to chemistry or must I continue the course I was studying before I entered the Army?

■ You can study anything you want. Under the GI Bill of Rights a veteran can go to any approved school or college and study anything he likes.

What soldiers want to know is how their Bill of Rights works. YANK untangles some problems stated in letters to the editor.

Loans

I know all about the free schooling I can get via the GI Bill of Rights, but what I'd like to know is what does the law do for the guy who does not want to go to school?

■ Plenty. The GI Bill of Rights also provides for loan guarantees of up to 50 percent of a \$4,000 loan for homes, farms or businesses. In addition, the law provides unemployment protection to the tune of \$20 a week for up to 52 weeks of unemployment.

I have been told that any cash benefits under the GI Bill of Rights will be taken out of any future bonus that may be voted. Is this true?

■ It is. The law states that any benefits derived under the GI Bill of Rights shall be deducted from any future bonus. For example, if you get a loan guaranteed under the law, any bonus money you may be entitled to will be used to reduce the amount of the loan still unpaid at the time the bonus is passed. If any bonus money is left after that, you will get the remainder in cash.

My wife and I are both in service. Can we each get a loan guaranteed under the GI Bill of Rights to be used in buying a house?

■ You can. Each of you will be treated as an individual veteran. If you are both able to swing loans from your bank, you should get the loans guaranteed from the VA.

Some of the boys tell me that the Government pays all the interest on the loans we get under the GI Bill of Rights. Are they right?

■ No, they are not. During the first year of the loan the Veterans' Administration will pay the interest on that part of the loan which it has guaranteed. Thus, if you get a \$4,000 loan, the VA will pay the interest on \$2,000 or \$80 (at 4 percent, the maximum rate you may pay). You will have to pay the rest of the interest yourself.

When I get out, I'd like to buy a farm and turn it over to a tenant to run. Meanwhile I want to go back to my own business and let the tenant run the farm for me. Will I be able to get a farm-loan guarantee if I do that?

■ You will not. A veteran can get a farm loan guaranteed only if he personally directs and operates the farm. You can, of course, hire all the help you need, but you will not be permitted to operate the farm through someone else.

I own a farm which my younger brother and sister have been running in my absence. They tell me that local taxes have been accumulating at a fast clip. Will I be permitted to borrow money under the GI Bill of Rights to pay off the taxes?

■ You will. You may get either a farm loan or a home loan and use the money to pay off taxes on your property. The same thing applies to taxes on a town or city home owned by a GI.

I already own a home and I know that while I have been in service it has been going to pot. One thing I will need when I get back is a new oil burner. Will a loan for an oil burner be approved under the GI Bill of Rights?

■ It will. The general rule is that any alteration or addition to your home which becomes a part of the real estate is OK for a loan guarantee.

Employment

When I am discharged I expect to go into a business of my own. If the business does not succeed, will I be able to get any money under the unemployment provisions of the GI Bill of Rights?

■ If your business folds up and you are not earning any money, you will get \$20 a week. Should your business fall off so that you earn less than \$100 during any calendar month you will get the difference between what you earn and \$100. This difference will be paid only for a maximum of 52 weeks.

I have now been in service for four months. If I were to be discharged right now, how many weeks of unemployment insurance (compensation) could I get if I were out of work?

■ A total of 28 weeks of unemployment pay. You get eight weeks' credit for each of the first three months of your service and four additional weeks for each month thereafter. The maximum any veteran can get is 52 weeks.

I have been told that in order to get unemployment pay allowed under the GI Bill of Rights, I must be willing to take a job even if it is in a factory where there is a strike. Is that right?

■ It is not. You do not have to accept a job which is available directly as a result of a strike, lock-out or other labor dispute. Your refusal to accept such a job will not affect your right to the unemployment pay.

Buzz Bombs Over Broadway



By Cpl. Bill Hennefrund

A recent announcement that robot bombs may strike New York City holds no fears for the overseas soldier who knows his New York. Association with that city has taught him that life in the apparently complicated town is, in fact, amazingly simple; and it is possible to predict the actions of its inhabitants under a given crisis with great accuracy.

With that thought in mind, therefore, we have already written an account of the great event. Here is how New Yorkers received the first robot bomb:

Monday:

Newspaper Headline: "ROBOT BOMB EXPECTED THURSDAY; CITY CALM."

On this day, Mayor LaGuardia announced that the city was in no real danger, and he himself had taken steps to defend the metropolis. He had, as a matter of fact, just this morning filed a protest with the State Department.

At the same time, public officials announced the construction of a monster concrete bowl in the middle of Times Square. "It's just on paper right now," one of them admitted, "but we will have it finished by Thursday. You see, our calculations are that the bomb will strike Times Square, and our construction will act like a kind of catcher's mitt." To puzzled reporters, he added: "Kind of clever, don't you think?"

With the single exception of Olive Branches, Inc., all stocks took a slight upturn in Wall Street.

The *Daily News* Inquiring Photographer asked a Mr. Henschefeld if he thought the buzz bomb would cause casualties, and he replied: "I ain't sure."

Tuesday:

Newspaper Headline: "BOMBS STILL ON WAY; CITY PREPARES FOR WORST."

The mayor had nothing to say. He looked sleepy, having chased two false alarm fires during the night.

The concrete catcher's mitt was already finished, and was hailed as a triumph of engineering speed. "It is also furnished with neon lights," declared Park Commissioner Robert Moses, "and has nasturtiums growing around it." And an unidentified Air Force colonel stated the construction was a tribute to ground-air teamwork, but the remark passed unnoticed. It was expected that many New Yorkers would want to see the bomb land, so a construction outfit was hired to erect stands around the catcher's mitt. "This is a demonstration that free labor in a free country is capable of anything," said the construction man in a short speech. Five minutes later the Benchbuilders Union called a strike.

Lucy Monroe was slated to sing the "Star Spangled Banner" just before the bomb was scheduled to arrive. Two columnists used the "rocket's red glare" angle.

The *Daily Mirror* asked a Mr. Henschefeld if he thought casualties might occur when the bomb struck, but he still wasn't sure. "I ain't sure," he said.

Stocks took a sharper upswing, while the bottom fell out of Olive Branches, Inc.

Wednesday:

Newspaper Headline: "BOMB SURE TO ARRIVE TO-MORROW: ALL NEW YORK IN TURMOIL."

His Honor said that everything was going to be all right; over two years ago he had taken proper defense measures—and for days New Yorkers had listened to simulated rocket bomb noises. At the same time it was revealed that the mayor himself held a block of 14 tickets for the Times Square "Rocket Bowl" event.

The Benchbuilders Union terminated their strike, and the seats were completed. A sellout.

Late in the afternoon, Sid Kahn and Sol Schmaltz, veteran tunesmiths, had written a new number and by 6 PM it was published by Mills Bros. Title: "I Go For You Like a Buzz-Buzz-Buzz Bomb." "It's a kind of novelty, you might say," Sid and Sol shyly admitted.

All along Broadway there was feverish activity. Stripteaser Queenie Lewis said she had a new routine lined up for the boys at the Eltinge, re-opened for the occasion, based on the rocket-bomb principle. She would not elaborate; but Commissioner Moss said: "She better not." Arthur Murray announced the creation of a new dance called "La Robomb-a," and six experts were already dancing it in the redecorated "Blast Room" of the Hotel Plaza.

The newspaper *PM* asked a Mr. Henschefeld if he thought there would be robomb casualties, and if Vested Interests had anything to do with it. Mr. Henschefeld still wasn't sure.

Stocks skyrocketed.

Billy Rose had cleared all legal paths, found he could erect a new stadium under buzz bomb alley, and charge admission. When last heard from, he had already leased the Yankee Stadium, but was dickering for the whole of The Bronx.

Mr. J. Otis Swift's column in the *World-Telegram*, heralded the arrival of the first crocus, in Englewood, N.J.

Thursday:

Newspaper Headline: "ROBOMB ARRIVES, BUT FALLS IN JERSEY MARSHES."

There was hell to pay in City Hall. Mayor LaGuardia said New York lost prestige and plenty of dough on the mistake, and he was filing a protest.

The concrete structure in Times Square was bought by an owner of a flea circus. He said he would shortly remodel it into a huge pinball machine, and expected to make a killing.

Sid Kahn and Sol Schmaltz, songwriters, were undaunted. They had already composed a new hit tune, entitled: "Could You Love Me in May, With No Buzz Bombs Our Way?"

Stocks skidded to a standstill, and some all-time lows were reported. Olive Branches, Inc., timidly re-appeared on the market.

There was only one casualty for the entire day. As crowds rushed to the Hudson river to watch the bomb float into the Jersey marshes, a man was trampled to death. He was later identified as a Mr. Henschefeld.

EVENING REPORT

NEVER has the loosely knit lend-lease relationship between Broadway and Hollywood operated more efficiently than at present. Names of 10 movie performers grace Broadway theater marqueses and more are expected before the current season ends.

Most recent arrival from Cinemaland was Carole Landis as the star of "A Lady Says Yes." John Chapman, drama critic for the New York *Daily News*, for one, didn't think so much of her vehicle but described her as breath-taking as ever in appearance.

After a two-year stand in Chicago, "Good Night Ladies," a farce about undraped femmes which stars film-comedian Skeets Gallagher, was finally inspected by the New York critics. Those gentlemen identified it as a remake of an ancient named "Ladies Night in a Turkish Bath," and in spite of an unmerciful panning from the press, a good run was predicted for it.

Fredric March and Margo are featured (and probably will be for a long time) in "A Bell for Adano." Martha Scott is getting top billing in "The Soldier's Wife," Mary Martin is still holding forth in "One Touch of Venus," and Elizabeth Bergner is doing the heavy emoting in "The Two Mrs. Carrolls," which began a road tour after a long New York run. Florence Rice has been pinch-hitting for Betty Field in "The Voice of the Turtle." Betty was taken ill shortly after replacing Margaret Sullavan when the original star of the Van Druten play returned to Hollywood.

At least two of the former Hollywoodites in New York—Leo G. Carroll in "The Late George Apley" and Frank Fay in "Harvey"—have added to their reputations by top performances in their current roles. Fay, in particular, is in a very favorable position right now on both



Carole Landis, as she appears on Broadway.

Broadway and in Hollywood, for the play is scheduled for a long run and Mary Chase, the Denver newspaperman's wife who wrote the play, is refusing to consider any Hollywood offer that does not include Frank in the role of the dipsomaniac who pals around with an imaginary rabbit 6 feet 1 1/2 inches tall.

NO two performers in the entertainment world have a more promising future than Bing Crosby and Barry Fitzgerald, who won most of the top film awards for 1944 by their work in "Going My Way." Crosby is at work on another role as a priest in "The Bells of St. Mary's," under the direction of Leo McCarey,

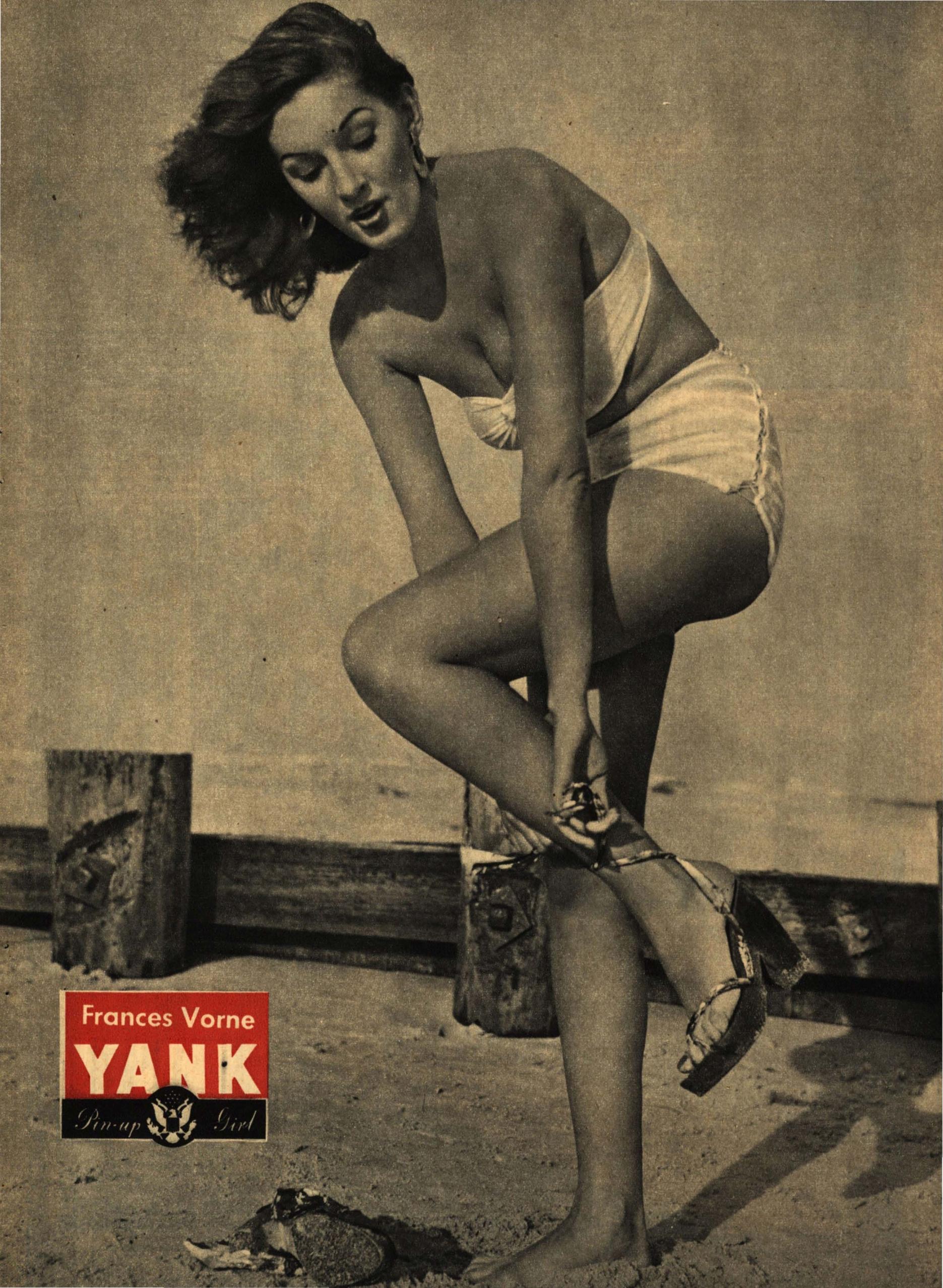
director of the 1944 prize-winning film. Fitzgerald, most sought-after character actor in the film capital, will have one of the principal roles in Buddy de Sylva's "Stork Club." The former Abbey player will portray a crusty old millionaire who frequents the Stork Club and figures importantly in the life of Betty Hutton, the feminine star.

Another actor very much in demand, particularly by companies planning comedies, is Danny Kaye. Sam Goldwyn recently purchased "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty," one of James Thurber's best short stories, with the idea of starring Danny as the meek little man who escapes his wife's domination by living in a dream world.

Those of you who have long admired Jane Russell in pin-ups will soon get a chance to judge what kind of an actress she is. United Artists have obtained exhibition rights to the only picture Jane has made—"The Outlaw," produced by Howard Hughes. Tremendous publicity catapulted La Russell to star status without the public ever seeing her in anything more than cheesecake. "The Outlaw" was held up by the Hays Office and has had only a limited showing.

There is no likelihood that Johnny Weissmuller will get his hair cut for at least two more years. The former Olympic swimmer has signed to play "Tarzan" for at least that much longer.

THIS is the girl called The Shape. A few months ago she was just Frances Vorne, 19, a home girl. Although at this writing she has yet to appear on stage or screen, her industrious press agent has succeeded in making The Shape nationally known. She says she won't accept a stage or movie role until she's ready—which may be any minute.



Frances Vorne
YANK
Pin-up Girl





O-MA JAW. Ex-coal miner Joe Baksy clips Lee Oma, Detroit heavyweight, flush on the jaw with a powerful left hook during their 10-round bout at New York. Oma, in serious trouble here, came on to win an upset decision.



BASKETBALL BABES. Nothing's safe as these girls battle for the ball at the Bronx (N. Y.) Winter Garden. Playing to a full house, the Nashville (Tenn.) Vultee Bomberettes whipped St. Simon Stock Alpines, 64-30.

Indoor Season

It's going full blast with boxing, wrestling, basketball and an imported game called Jai-Alai.



CROWD BAITER. Dyed-in-the-wool wrestling fans at Buffalo, N. Y., peel off their coats and challenge K. O. Koverly to "fight like a man." Mr. Koverly used some rowdy tactics to whip his opponent, and the fans didn't like it a bit. A true villain, Mr. Koverly stands ready to take on all comers. But nobody made a move.



NEW FAVORITE. When the recent Government ban canceled all racing for Miami bettors, the imported Spanish game of Jai-Alai quickly stepped into the gap. General view on the left shows playing court and betting

instructions. For a close-up of Jai-Alai player in action, see the right photograph. Jai-Alai closely resembles the American handball game. The players use the scoop-like cesta to catch and then hurl the ball against the wall.

Mr. MacPhail, Don't Forget the Old Yankees

WHEN Larry MacPhail and his rich backers, Dan Topping and Del Webb, bought the New York Yankees, people didn't exactly throw their hats over the grandstand and rejoice. They didn't do anything, in fact. They were too stunned. They had known, of course, that for a long time the Yankees were on the block. But they never expected to see the day that MacPhail would replace Ed Barrow as boss of the Yankees.

Barrow himself had frequently said that the only way MacPhail would get the Yankees would be over his dead body. And there was some pretty strong talk that Judge Landis would never approve any sale of the Yankees that had MacPhail involved in it. But Landis passed on and Barrow, under pressure from the Ruppert heirs to sell, finally disposed of the team to the MacPhail syndicate. Another bidder for the Yankees was Tom Yawkey of Boston, whom Barrow secretly hoped would buy the club. But Yawkey's hands were tied. He had to sell his Boston team first and couldn't.

There's no use pretending that the Yankees will ever be the same under Laughing Larry. Barrow and MacPhail are as different as day and night. A sober conservative, Cousin Ed is probably the soundest man in baseball. MacPhail, on the other hand, is a firecracker, always ready to explode with a new stunt to stir the public. MacPhail's style thrilled Brooklyn and Cincinnati, but in dealing with the Yankees' fans, Larry has a clientele of a different mood.

To most Yankee fans, the mere thought of MacPhail in Barrow's driver's seat must be frightening. The Yankees were never accustomed to the spectacular shenanigans or the noisy ballyhoo that Larry peddled in Brooklyn. The Yankees were built of sounder stuff. The word for it is possibly character. They all had it, right down to the bat boy.

The Yankees had something else, too—greatness. They ruled baseball with a big bat. The Ruths, Gehrigs, Meusels, DiMaggios, Dickeys and Kellers were some of the greatest sluggers the game has ever known. Enemy pitchers cracked before them and so did most batting records.

Probably the greatest of all the Yankee team was the 1927 crew, managed by scrawny little Miller Huggins. With Ruth and Gehrig slugging the ball, the Yankees roared through the American League like a tank in

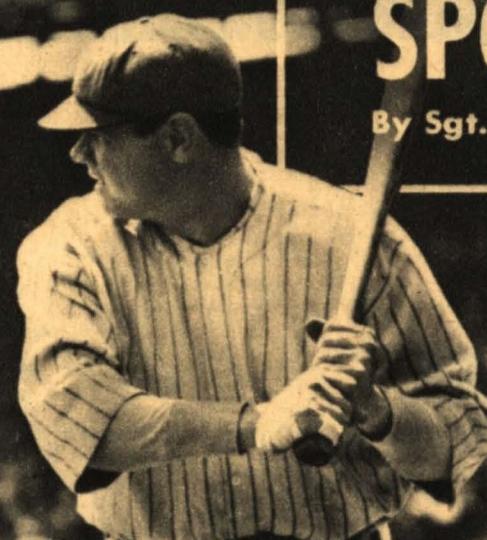
a wheatfield. Their attack was known as the "Five O'Clock Lightning," because it was usually at the approach of 5 o'clock and the eighth inning that they started tearing a pitcher apart.

After clinching the pennant on Labor Day, they kept right on pounding. They wanted to win every game, and they nearly did, too. They set an American League record by winning 110 games and losing only 44. Ruth had his biggest year, smashing his own record for home runs by belting 60. Gehrig banged out 47 and topped the team in hitting with a .373 average.

In the World Series that year, the Yankees were opposed by the Pittsburgh Pirates, under Donnie Bush. The Pirates never had a chance. Worst of all, they knew it. The day before the series opened in Pittsburgh, both teams worked out at Forbes Field. The Pirates took the field first. By the time the Yankees appeared, the Pirates had showered and dressed and were in the stands.

Waite Hoyt pitched batting practice for the Yankees, and under Huggins' orders he laid the ball in there straight as a string. The hitting exhibition that followed was terrifying. Ruth stepped in and hit one over the fence in centerfield. Gehrig hit one in the seats in rightfield, Lazzeri hit one against the stands and Meusel hit one over the leftfield fence.

Watching from the stands were Paul and Lloyd Waner, a couple of pretty fair hitters themselves. They actually winced every time,



SPORTS

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

Babe Ruth gets ready to take a swing.

Ruth or Gehrig slugged the ball out of sight. Finally Lloyd turned to Paul.

"Hell," he said. "They're sure big guys."

Paul nodded and they walked out together, the rest of the Pittsburgh team following. They had seen enough to know what was in the cards. The Yankees won the series in four straight games.

It's going to be hard to forget great Yankee teams like that. Mr. MacPhail shouldn't forget them, either.

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

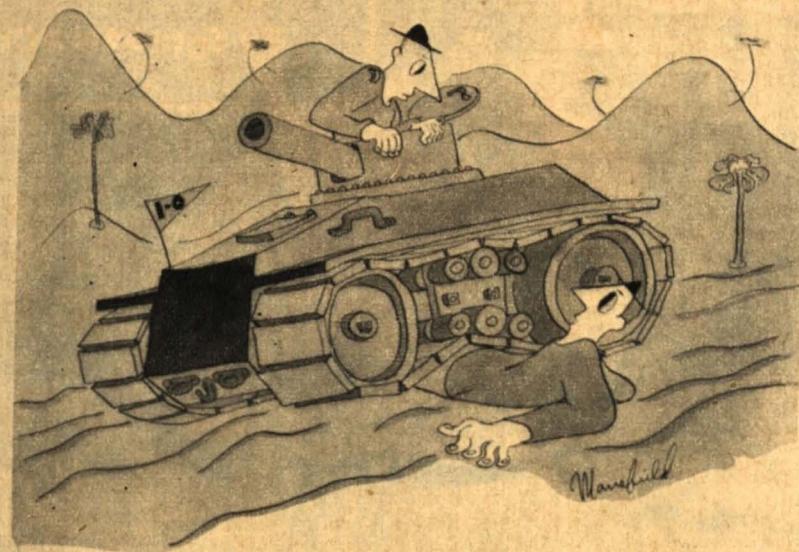
SOME statistics hound in the Chicago White Sox front office has figured that Sgt. Luke Appling saved the club 90 dozen baseballs last year by just being in the Army. In 1943, when Luke was slugging for the American League batting title, he fouled off more balls than any two major leaguers combined. Most of them were the over-the-roof variety. . . . Pfc. Bitsy Grant has moved to the Philippines with the Fifth Air Force and was recently camped one block away from the home of ex-middleweight champion Ceferino Garcia. . . . One of the athletic instructors at Fort Pierce, Fla., is George Mitchell CSp, who knocked out Max Schmeling in the first round at Frankfort, Germany, in 1928, under the name of Gypsy Daniels. . . . Jockey Don Meade has finally cleared up the mystery of why he is 4-F. He was born with deformed shoulders and can't turn his arms or hands upward. . . . S/Sgt. Joe Louis has a new APO: Alaska. He's refereeing GI boxing shows

there. . . . Al Schacht is writing a book on his South Pacific USO tour and plans to call it "GI Had Fun." . . . Lt. Bernie Jefferson, Northwestern's great Negro halfback, is back in the States after completing 56 missions in the ETO as a fighter pilot. . . . Whatever became of Kirby Higbe, the Dodger pitcher?

Decorated: Maj. Jim Gaffney, captain of the 1937 Harvard football team, with the Silver Star for gallantry at the Moselle River in France, where he lost his right leg. . . . Promoted: Cpl. Terry Moore, ex-Cardinal outfielder, to sergeant at Albrook Field, Panama; Lt. Porter Vaughan, former Athletics pitcher, to captain at Buckley Field, Colo. . . . Transferred: Lt. Charley Gehringer, ex-Detroit second baseman, from St. Mary's (Calif.) Pre-Flight School to the Jacksonville (Fla.) NAS. . . . Discharged: Carroll Bierman, one of America's leading jockeys, from the Navy with a CDD because of an injured right elbow. . . . Inducted: Manuel Ortiz, bantamweight boxing champion, into the Army; Stan Musial, 1943 NL batting champion, into the Navy; Ron Northe, rightfielder of the Phillies, into the Army. . . . Rejected: Danny Litwhiler, Cardinal outfielder, for the second time because of an old knee injury.

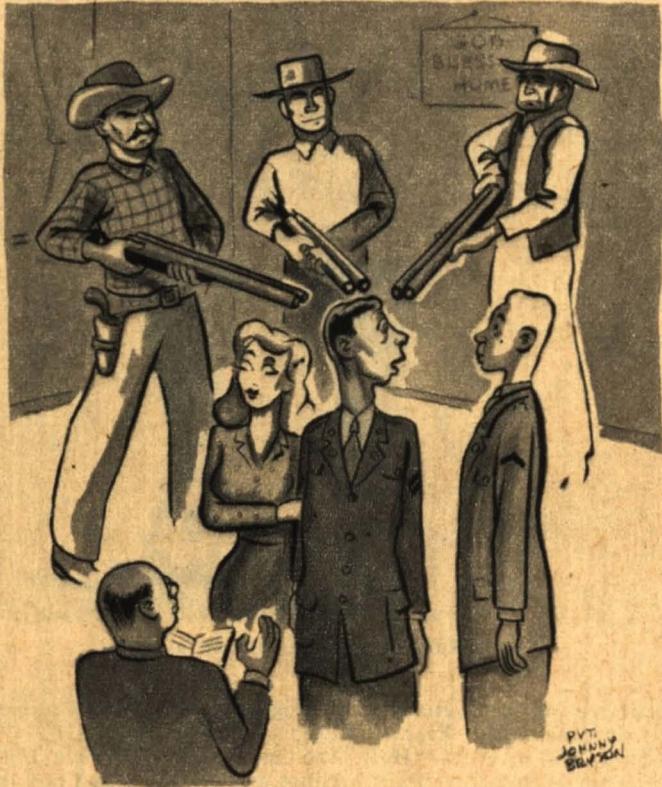


NEW CATCH. The Navy, which seems to specialize in football coaches, comes up with another good one in Buff Donelli (right), former boss of Cleveland Rams. Donelli is training at the Sampson (N.Y.) NTC.



"THINK NOTHING OF IT, SIR. I'M WEARING A TRUSS."

—Pvt. Walter Mansfield



"WHAT DOES THE GI BILL OF RIGHTS SAY ABOUT CASES LIKE THIS?"

—Pvt. Johnny Bryson

YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY

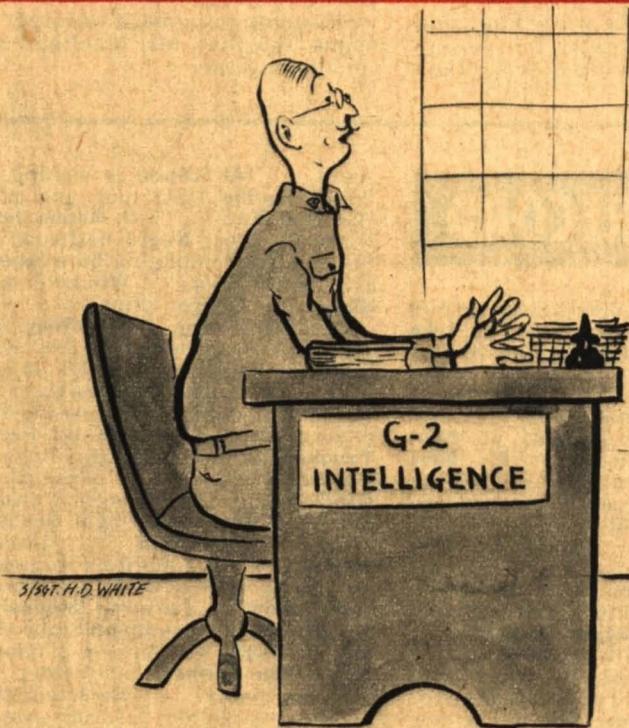


"OH, THEM? . . . THEY BEEN EATIN' THIS DEHYDRATED CHOW SINCE '42."

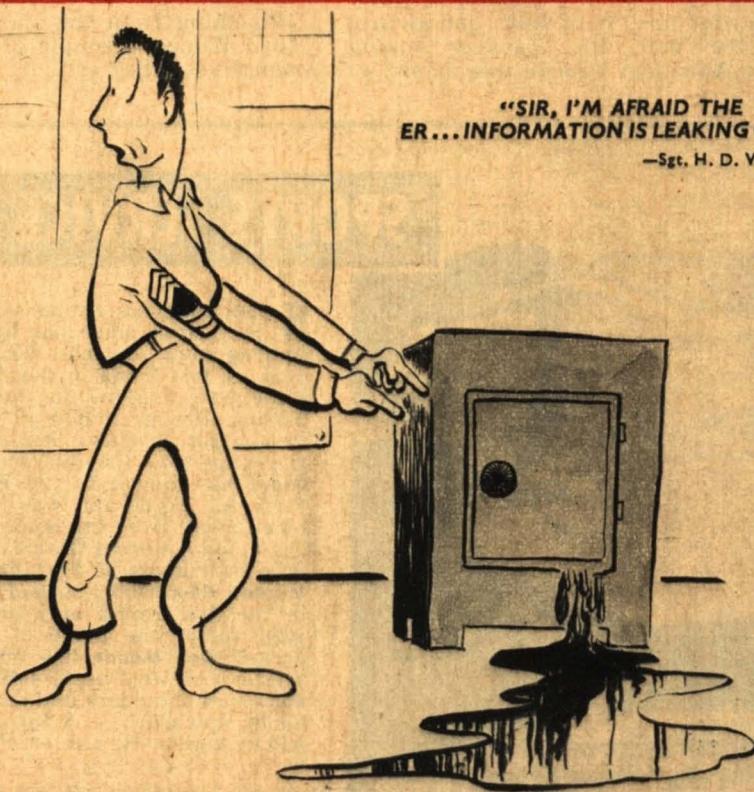
—Sgt. Larry Gray



—Cpl. Floyd J. Torbert



Sgt. H. D. White



"SIR, I'M AFRAID THE ER... INFORMATION IS LEAKING OUT."

—Sgt. H. D. White